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TO OUR READERS.

THE proprietors of HARPER'S WEEKLY are happy to announce that they are making arrangements in Europe for the prompt illustration of the leading scenes of the

WAR IN EUROPE

by the first artists of the day.

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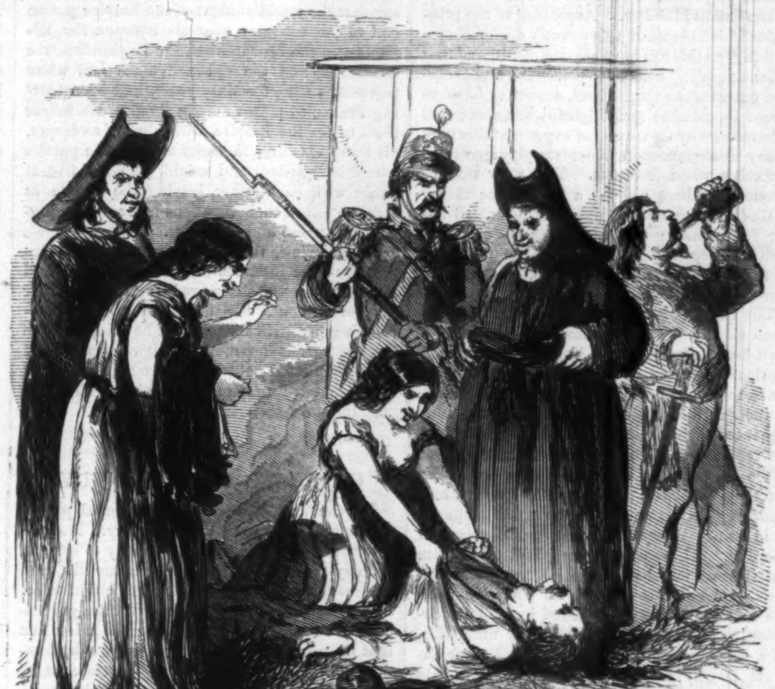


STRIPPING THE DEAD.

THE LATE ASSASSINATIONS AT TACUBAYA, IN MEXICO.

[*From our own Correspondent.*]

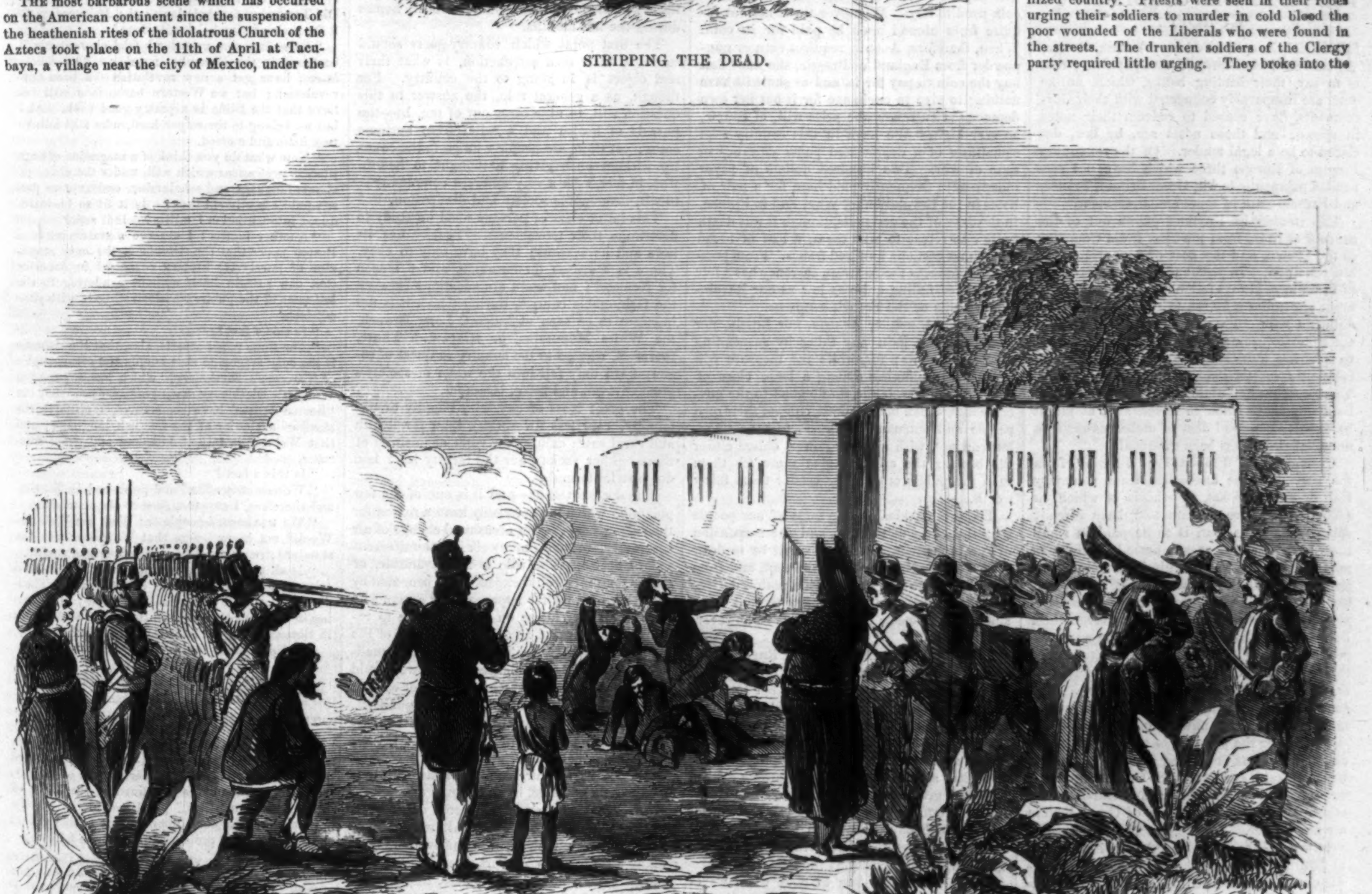
MEXICO, *May*, 1859.

THE most barbarous scene which has occurred on the American continent since the suspension of the heathenish rites of the idolatrous Church of the Aztecs took place on the 11th of April at Tacubaya, a village near the city of Mexico, under the immediate direction of the priests of the Romish Church of that country of the present day.

The Liberal army had been laying siege to the city of Mexico for three weeks, when the Clergy party, in possession of the city, had obtained large reinforcements, and moved to attack the Liberals. The Clergy party forces numbered 4500 men, and were led on by General Marquez, the most bloodthirsty of the chiefs who fight for the supremacy of the Church in Mexico. The army of attack, after being reviewed in the Grand Plaza of Mexico, received absolution from the Church for all their sins, and medals of the Holy Virgin to shield them from the balls of their enemies. The army left the city at seven o'clock in the morning, and at four o'clock in the afternoon reached a point above and to the east of Tacubaya, where the Liberal forces were. The forces of the Clergy party arranged their forty pieces of artillery which they had with them, and commenced firing upon Tacubaya, a village in which reside the families of most of the rich foreigners and natives of Mexico. As no notice had been given of this attack, the families of these people were much endangered, and the lives of several poor women and children were actually sacrificed. This merciless fire lasted for two hours, and was then hushed until the following morning (the 11th of April).

On the morning of the 11th, at seven o'clock, forty pieces of artillery opened upon the devoted place, and kept up an incessant fire until after ten o'clock, when the Liberals were forced to retire, owing to the treachery or ignorance of their commander-in-chief, and notwithstanding they had killed at least ten of the Clergy forces for every man they had lost.

The Clergy forces entered Tacubaya about eleven o'clock, and at once commenced a scene of pillage and massacre never before witnessed in a civilized country. Priests were seen in their robes urging their soldiers to murder in cold blood the poor wounded of the Liberals who were found in the streets. The drunken soldiers of the Clergy party required little urging. They broke into the



MASSACRE AT TACUBAYA, MEXICO, ON APRIL 11, 1859.

houses of citizens, robbed them; and where they found persons at all suspected of being Liberal in their views, they either murdered them in the most fiendish manner or dragged them off to prison with kicks and cuffs. The doctors in the hospitals—a class of persons always respected even in savage warfare—were taken from their humane work and dragged to prison. This scene of riot and massacre lasted until the shades of night set in; and might have been accounted for by the fanaticism of the priests and soldiers had not Generals Marquez and Miramon indorsed the hellish proceedings of the day by ordering the assassination of sixteen persons, among them seven doctors. These poor unfortunates were led out amidst the shouts of drunken soldiers, excited on by several persons in the dress of priests, and taken to a vacant spot in the highest part of Tacubaya, in the rear of the Molino de Valdez. There they were stripped of their clothing, and, one by one, shot in a manner which for brutality defies description. Two foreign doctors—one an American by the name of Albert Lamon, and an Englishman by the name of John Duval—were the first victims. They were placed in position, and five soldiers ordered out to shoot them in the back. The brutal soldiers rushed upon them, thrust their bayonets into their flesh, and then discharged their muskets, scattering the brains and flesh of the victims in every direction. These scenes brought forth the demoniac cries of the mob collected, who shouted, "Death to foreigners!" "Death to heretics!" etc. The other victims were served in the same fiendish manner. Among these last were two American boys by the name of Smith—of a family once living in Philadelphia. Since that night many other victims have fallen, until more than one hundred are believed to have been butchered at the instigation of the priests.

The scene of the brutal butchery of the night of the 11th of April is now marked by a simple little cross; and when I visited the spot, a week after the occurrence, already a pile of stones had been heaped around the cross and over the blood of the murdered men. This pile of stones speaks for itself. It is a recognition by those who place a stone on the pile that the act was a murder, and not a legal execution. In times when the clergy are so severe and venomous it is wonderful to see persons thus expressing their sentiments; but nevertheless our friend says, "A thousand stones already cover the spot where the victims of priestly fury in Mexico poured out their life-blood. Peace to their noble and generous souls!"

Verily the priests of Mexico are surpassing the savage leaders of the Sepoys in their acts of barbarous cruelty.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 4, 1859.

THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF EUROPE.

THREE European Powers—Austria, Russia, and Sardinia—have stopped payment; that is to say, their leading banks, which, unlike ours, are inseparably connected with their Governments, have ceased to redeem their notes in specie; and those notes are, by law, declared to be a legal tender. Of the remaining Powers of Europe three which have not suspended payment—to wit, Great Britain, France, and Prussia—are in some embarrassment.

The trouble in England grows out of the transfer of India from the East India Company to the Crown, and the cost of suppressing the late rebellion. In profound peace the revenues of India have always fallen short of the Government expenditure by ten to twenty millions of dollars a year. The late war has thrown upon the home government an enormous Indian debt, to meet which the British Government has been compelled to provide $60,000,000 since New-Year. About half of this large sum has already been shipped to India in silver, and, as might be expected, a good deal of embarrassment in financial circles has been the result.

Germany and France are suffering from the war. France has called for a voluntary loan of $100,000,000, two-thirds of which, or $66,000,000, have, we are told, been already subscribed. The loan is to be paid in small installments spread over a period of eighteen months. As the war will diminish the productive capacity of the French, it will be impossible to draw so large a sum as this from the people without causing very grave inconvenience. Prussia suffers by anticipation. The war prospect has led all the German bankers to curtail their loans, and to withhold from the merchants the accommodation usual at this season. The consequence is much individual trouble, which must lead to a large number of failures.

Altogether the prospect is not cheering. A distinction must, however, be made between Great Britain and Northern Germany on the one side, and the belligerents and Russia on the other. The embarrassments of Great Britain are nearly over. A trifling increase in taxation—to which John Bull will submit with his usual fortitude—will pay the whole cost of the Indian war, and there will be an end of the matter. There is nothing indefinite or problematical in the British case; so much money is to be raised, which, when raised and paid, ends the difficulty. So with Prussia. The trouble there grows out of severe but wise preventive measures. Individuals must suffer; but the country will not be injured, the Government preserves its credit, and next year trade and industry will be none the worse.

With the other Continental nations the prospect is very different. The public debt of France has been lately increasing at the rate of about $50,000,000 per annum. This vast increase of liability has not been incurred for productive works; the money has been spent in maintaining great armies, building vessels of war, embellishing Paris, and supporting an expensive Court. It is but just to say that the prosperity of the country has increased under the Empire; but side by side with the really productive enterprises of the day there have grown up a swarm of bubble schemes which have caused an unexampled expansion of credit, and an unprecedented increase in the cost of living. In France, too, the power of the Government has constantly interposed to interfere with the laws of trade. That power has been exerted to check the spread of the crisis of 1857; to prevent the depletion of the coffers of the bank; to prevent a rise in the price of bread; to prevent a collapse of such concerns as the Crédit Mobilier. According to the principles which obtain in this country such a course of things as this can have but one result, and that is bankruptcy. Excessive borrowing and excessive extravagance must lead, sooner or later, to forced liquidation and frightful disasters; and interference by Government to prevent this necessary consummation must simply aggravate the crisis when it comes. This view may be erroneous; there may be a Napoleonic theory of finance which our Anglo-Saxon school has not yet learned; but, according to our views, such as they are, France stands on the verge of a crisis, and this new $100,000,000 may prove the last feather in the load.

The case of Russia, Austria, and Sardinia is much clearer. These nations, among which it must be presumed that a knowledge of sound political economy is rare, have caused their banks to suspend specie payments, and rendered their bank-notes a legal tender. The consequence of this will be that their people will not refuse obedience to the law; they will not refuse to take the currency forced on them; but they will have two prices for every thing, according as payment is to be made in paper or in coin. Every one who receives coin will hoard it. Those whose living is derived from the Government—as the soldiery, public officials, and contractors, and all who live upon the interest of money invested in public securities, or on bond and mortgage, or otherwise, at a fixed rate of interest, will find their income largely diminished; for the sum paid them, being in the depreciated paper currency, will buy much less than the same amount in coin used to buy. Whatever these nations require from abroad must be paid for in coin. When, therefore, Austria requires corn or gunpowder from England or Prussia, she must first buy the coin to pay for it, and as she will have nothing to give in exchange for it but her own depreciated currency, the price will, of course, be very high. We have in this country seen something of a depreciated paper currency in time of war. Two hundred dollars of paper money were frequently paid here for a pair of boots in the Revolutionary War; and in France, in the days of the *assignats*, though it was death by law to refuse to take them, a loaf of bread sometimes cost one hundred francs. From present appearances the Austrian currency has a fair prospect of falling quite as low as our Revolutionary bills or the French *assignats*.

In a word, neither Austria, nor Russia, nor Piedmont can gain any thing by suspending specie payments; for, while the measure will cause great suffering among a large class of their inhabitants, it can do no good to the governments, which may, indeed, compel their own people and persuade foreigners to take them, but can not, with all their power, oblige either the one or the other to give more for them than the public credit may render them fairly worth.

There is an idea among some of our people that the effect of the war, and the suspension of specie payments in Europe, will be to draw gold from England to the Continent, and from this country to England. This notion derives a color of plausibility from the present large shipments of specie to Europe. It is, however, a fallacy.

If Austria is to get gold from England and from us, she must give something for it. What has she to give? In peace time her total exports, which are mostly objects of luxury made in Vienna and Lombardy, are only about $45,000,000 per annum; the war shuts her out of a market for four-fifths of these. She has tried, and tried vainly, to negotiate a loan. She can give nothing but "promises to pay" by a Government confessedly bankrupt, and by banks which have suspended payment. How much gold does the reader think can be obtained on such security as these?

Gold—when left free to obey the laws of trade—will flow *to* that country where there is most production and the largest export of produce and merchandise; and *from* the country whence—from whatever cause—there is least exportation of produce and merchandise. When the movement of gold is trammeled by a forced paper currency it will not flow at all, either out or in; people will hoard it. This will be the case in Austria and Sardinia.

L'EMPIRE C'EST LA PAIX.

We do not aspire to be the general apologists of Napoleon the Third; his case must be left to the judgment of history. But it is too bad that our press should allow so much of their thinking in reference to this much-abused monarch to be done by the prejudiced journals of England.

Not a week passes but some American newspaper taunts Napoleon with his famous saying, "*L'Empire c'est la paix*"—"The Empire means peace"—and triumphantly alludes to the Crimean and the present wars as evidences of the hollow hypocrisy of the statement.

The least reflection would convince these writers of the injustice of the taunt. When Napoleon uttered the remark in question he referred to the internal strifes of his own country, not to her foreign relations. He meant to say that the establishment of the Empire put an end to the constant quarrels between the Republicans, the Monarchists, the Legitimists, the Orleanists, and the red and black and white politicians who, for sixty years, had been tearing France to pieces among them. He meant that, under the Empire, with himself as despot, all these clashing interests and hostile parties would be quelled, and would, perforce, live at peace with each other, leaving the people at large to follow their vocations and cook the *pot-au-feu* in peace and quietness.

In this view, the saying was adroit; it appealed to the interests of the commercial and landed classes, and secured their support for his government. To have said, as the Emperor's critics will have it that he said, that the Empire meant no more foreign wars, would have conciliated nobody, and would have grievously offended that military spirit which is a prominent characteristic of the French.

GOING TO THE COUNTRY.

By the time these lines are printed people will be preparing to go to the country. It seems a very simple thing for a city family to select a country residence for the summer months, and the custom is so general that there ought to be, by this time, certain fixed rules for the governance of ruralizing city folk; yet still it is a fact that mistakes are made year after year by hundreds of families, and it is not, therefore, at all superfluous to draw attention to a few clear principles which are worthy of consideration among those who are now looking out for country homes during the hot months.

The first point which country-goers should settle to their own satisfaction, is what their real object is in going to the country. For though, as a general rule, the answer to this question will, in nine cases out of ten, be—the pursuit of health and a relief from business cares; yet there are people who go to the country without once giving a thought to health, who, in fact, seek a very different commodity—to wit, fashionable society and dissipation.

This latter class of persons need no study to determine their movements. Society has its laws and its seasons; they have only to obey. There is a season for Saratoga, and a season for Newport; and there are vacations between the fashionable courses, during which it is not indecent to be seen at Nahant, Long Branch, the White Mountains, or Niagara. Those, therefore, who go to the country in quest of society need only fall into the wake of society's great caravan and travel blindfold.

The great mass of city folk, happily or unhappily, care less for society than for health and rural ease; and for the right acquisition of these neither society nor the faculty have laid down strict formulas.

The doctors tell us—and it is one of the few points on which they probably have a reason for their doctrine—that an occasional change of air is salutary, and with many constitutions, essential to health. The rule is not invariable, of course; no man could expect to be benefited by changing pure air for impure. For a man who lives in an airy house on Fifth Avenue to remove to a fever and ague district in one of the adjoining counties is simply mid-summer madness. What the doctors mean is, that we should exchange the air we breathe for another at least equally wholesome, but of a different quality.

To make the change intelligently, then, we must first understand the character of the air we breathe habitually. In the city of New York, let us say for example, heaven's air is affected, on one side, by the impure exhalations of a badly cleaned city, and altered on another, by adjacent large bodies of salt water. The land is low, and was till recently marshy in many places. New Yorkers, therefore, who remove to sea-side watering-places, improve the nourishment of their lungs by getting rid of the city smoke and dust and dirt; but they still breathe air more or less impregnated with saline particles. New Yorkers, again, who remove to inland towns, get rid of the salt air, and probably also of the evil influences of low land; but in nine cases out of ten they go to a place which is even less cleanly than this city, and where the air is as sedulously poisoned as in many of our wards. In neither case is the change thorough. To make it so, the New Yorker must go to some inland spot where the land is elevated and scavengers are not needed. Niagara, the White Mountains, Saratoga, the Catskills, Schooley's Mountains, the Blue Ridge, etc., etc., are examples in point. New Yorkers who spend the summer in any of these places obtain a thorough change of air, and are entitled to expect beneficial results.

The same rule may be applied to other places. Residents of Albany, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Springfield, Washington, etc., etc., will find the best change of air for them in a residence at some sea-side watering-place. Denizens of mountain sites will derive advantage from a residence in wholesome localities nearer the level of the sea. It is waste of time for citizens of Buffalo to go to Saratoga in search of health, or for residents at Richmond, Virginia, to seek new life on the Blue Ridge; the former should try Newport, the latter Cape May or Long Branch.

It is late in the day to argue against the fashionable watering-places. It needs no argument to prove that dissipation, drinking, bad food, late hours, and constant gayety will more than undo the benefits of a rural residence. But as the regular annual crusades of the newspapers against Saratoga and Newport do not in the least affect the prosperity of those famous places, it is not worth while to waste further words on the matter.

For those who honestly seek renewed health and energy by a residence in the country—for mothers who go to the country for their children's advantage, the principle to be borne in mind is very simple. Let them find the characteristics of their native atmosphere, and choose a healthy place which presents the opposite physical features.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A reader of *Harper's Weekly*, in Ohio, propounds to us some questions, the decision of which we prefer to leave to the general public, to whom his letter is herewith submitted:

"*Editors of Harper's Weekly.*

"Warren, Trumbull County, Ohio,
May 23, 1859.

"Please pardon the liberty that a reader of the *Weekly* takes in asking your honest opinion in the subjoined matter:

"The Autocrat of the *Atlantic Monthly* says, in the May number, that 'The Bible was a divining book to our ancestors, and is so still in the hands of some of the *vulgar*. The Puritans went to the Old Testament for their laws; the *Mormons* go to it for their patriarchal institutions.'

"Other items of a similar infidel character will be found in the December number. The *Boston literati* have got a new revelation—a bran-new revelation; but we Western barbarians still believe that the Bible is a pretty good book. Ah! but we belong to the *vulgar* herd, who still adhere to a *Bible* and a creed.

"Now what do you think of a magazine of high literary *pretensions* which will, under the cover of classic language and scholarship, endeavor to poison public sentiment thus? Is it fit to be introduced into Christian families? Is it safe?

"Another matter: I observe a statement in a Boston paper that the *Atlantic* is the only magazine of purely (?) literary character in America that can sustain itself without pandering to the *bad* taste of the public by illustrating it with *poor woodcuts*.

"Is this a fact?

"The same paper asserts, also, that the *Atlantic* is the only magazine that adopts the orthography of *Worcester's* Dictionary, 'which has superseded Webster's Dictionary among *all scholars*:' that the 'Boston *literati*' have pronounced Worcester the *standard* authority of the English language; and that Webster is full of blunders and gross mistakes.

"Is this a fact?

"Worcester is edited and published in Boston, and therefore, I suppose, *must* be the standard.

"We *uneducated* people out West use Webster. We did not know before that Worcester was the standard; so we must be excused for bad spelling.

"Is all philosophy summed up in Emerson; all science in Professor Pierce; all religion in Theodore Parker; all poetry in Longfellow; all learning in Harvard College; all the brains of America in Boston, the great Athens of America?

"Is this a fact?

"Yours truly,
"A Vulgar Man of the West."

THE AMERICAN CAPTAINS' QUESTION.

We have received a letter from an American sailor, who has spent twenty-five years on board ship, referring to, and corroborating in every particular, the statements contained in the letter of "An American Sailor," published in the *Weekly*. The writer, after complimenting the author of that letter, goes on to probe the question as follows:

> "In former times, when sailors shipped themselves, they dared not come on board a ship under false pretenses. They would not have been safe among their own shipmates, who would have punished them sufficiently without assistance from the quarter-deck. But now the sailor, or rather the pretended sailor, does not ship: he *is shipped*. He is a marketable commodity belonging to and sold by his landlord for *advance wages*. You will remember the futile attempt of the merchants, two years since, to stop this iniquitous system, which they fully realized was working the ruin of the merchant

service. You remember, too, how the landlords—not the sailors—formed a league, and swore that '*their* men' should not go without advance; and how these cormorants carried the day against the whole shipping interest of the United States! They thus accomplished the destruction of sailors, which might but for them have been arrested. They closed the only door from which they might escape from the degradation into which they seem to have fallen without remedy. They have rendered null and void all charitable efforts in their behalf. It is useless for the Seaman's Friend Society to talk yearly to their well-meaning constituents of the 'encouraging state of things.' There is nothing encouraging—there can not be—so long as the sailor is the property, the abject slave of the landlord. Bibles, tracts, Bethels, Homes, are wasted upon the sailor so long as he is not free. The influence of the landlord subverts them all. He tells him that his well-wishers, his owners, his captain, and his officers, are his enemies. He starts him upon his voyage with this idea. He incites him to insubordination, in order to get him punished and then to bring vexatious lawsuits; the results of which—the hard earnings that should go to clothe the families of those styled by the newspapers 'brutal shipmasters'—go not to the 'abused sailor,' but are divided between landshark and a Tombs lawyer! Such, believe me—for I speak not only from sincere conviction, but from my own personal knowledge and experience—are the foundations of most of the cases of 'cruelty' which are imposed upon a credulous public.

"The state of things now existing has been long predicted by ourselves and others. The remedy has been pointed out. It is not yet too late to apply it. *Abolish at once and forever, spite of any temporary inconvenience, the payment of* ADVANCE WAGES.

"The landshark's occupation will be gone, and his influence with it.

"The sailor will rise from his degradation; his eyes will be opened to his true interests; his improvident habits will forsake him; he will realize that he is a free man working for himself, and will therefore be more careful to keep what he earns. He will find that the captain is not his enemy; and the captain will no longer be obliged to sleep with a revolver under his pillow! A better understanding will prevail between the two ends of the ship, and newspapers will no longer teem with the stereotyped headings, 'Cruelty on Shipboard.'

"RINGBOLT."

THE LOUNGER.

EDITORIAL VIRTUE.

EDITORS of daily and weekly papers are a class freely abused—a class of which every body has a word to say, and who are subject to the most unrelenting judgment. Their sins may be manifest enough, but few know their virtues. Fewer still, probably, suspect that one of their chief virtues is silence.

It seems absurd to say so—of course it does. That a man whose business is to talk with his pen should either keep silence or be praised for doing so, is ludicrous. But it may properly be.

For, if you think a moment that an editor is abused for writing what he knows that hundreds of thousands of people will read, and then consider that every man who appears before so vast an audience will be naturally careful and anxious about what he says, and how he says it, it will be pretty clear that he will make as little of a fool of himself as he can.

But a man writing in a moment of ill-temper a private letter to that editor is free from all the outward restraints that prevent a man's making a fool of himself.

And it is keeping the secret of such letters—of which every editor receives hundreds every year—that is the peculiar and eternal honor of the fraternity. Every kind of stupidity, ignorance, meanness, silliness, affectation, slander, gossip, filth, and fury are written down in such letters, folded up, addressed and mailed to the object of the writer's indignation. Of course that writer, being a man, shares the human infirmity of temper, and has it always in his power to revenge himself terribly by publishing the letter. And yet how often does he do so?

The truth is, that a paper—whether a daily political, or a weekly family, or religious, or scientific, or esthetic—is not made to gratify in every possible way every possible fancy of Mr. John Smith, Smithville, Smith County, Smithia; or of Mr. John Jones, Jonesbury, Jones County, Jonesota. They are both respectable citizens, Heaven willing! in respectable towns and counties and States; and they pay two or three dollars a year for the paper; and it is remarkable that, although they may sometimes complain, they do so in a respectable manner.

But when somebody who borrows their copy reads in it something that he does not approve, then beware! For Bobadillo he seats himself and writes a furious letter, denouncing the proprietors and editors of that paper as ribalds, and fools, and knaves, and liars, and thieves, and murderers, and donkeys; and advises them to secure "*people who know how to write;*" "*people who have ideas in their heads;*" and not "*to spatter their sanguinary balderdash over the pellucid bosoms of truth and beauty!*"

One word of such a production is the key of the whole. It drops into the basket by the editor's side. He does not send it up and have it printed and return to Jonesville with the writer's name in full, to write him down an ass under his own sign-manual, before his fellow-citizens.

There is not an editor who does not hold this dreadful power in his hands. There is scarcely one who does not refuse to exercise it. Think, then, more kindly of those slaves, good Sirs!

CROWNING THE CHAMPION.

ONE of the great victories of Peace was celebrated on Wednesday evening, May 25, at the chapel of the University, where Paul Morphy was presented with costly gifts, and addressed by eloquent speakers. It was a brilliant assembly, and it was curious to reflect that the boyish, self-possessed youth, whose appearance the audience greeted with enthusiasm, was, in his way, a great conqueror—that he had vanquished the world. For it was well said by Mr. Fuller that Paul Morphy *might* (he surely would not) say of himself, "I am first in my special walk or profession."

The occasion was necessarily one of almost painful personal compliment to Mr. Morphy. Mr. Van Buren's speech, upon presenting the gold and silver chessmen, was a pleasant sketch of the history of the game, lively with interesting anecdote. Mr. W. J. A. Fuller's, upon presenting the watch, was a glowing oration of other American victories in Peace. The occasion, the associations, the actors, the audience, the season, were all pleasant to think of.

It is true enough that "rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind;" but there can be no treason, no change nor shadow of turning in the loyalty of every thoughtful man to intrinsic excellence and superiority. And the traditions of a calm intellectual game like chess have something of a scholarly character. They do not, they can not, belong to the crowd. After the immediate excitement that wonderful feats of any kind produce upon the popular mind passes away, there will remain for the champion of this game that permanent and profound appreciation which the experts of an art always enjoy among its votaries. And as those votaries must forever be among the most intellectual class, to be named by them in every country with the most sincere and intelligent admiration, and, as must always be true in this case, with affectionate respect—is that no meed? Old countries crowned their conquerors with laurel and bay. Are kind thoughts not more immortal than green leaves?

SOME NEW BOOKS.

"LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG" is one of those brilliant dramatic sketches of character for which Charles Reade is famous. The whole book moves like a play. Dealing less with a variety of persons than with certain aspects of character, and relying more upon a witty development of those aspects than upon a succession of incident, Reade has written a book that every body else must read, and which nobody will finish without fresh admiration of the glittering intellectual agility of the author. Reade's is the culmination of the contemporary staccato style. He avoids every kind of description, and hesitates at no device of typography. His characters never sleep—they never prose—they never even drowse. It is constant conversation, and the conversation is incessant sword play. The keen edge and the gleaming blade flash in your eyes all the time. It is pink Champagne put into print. It is also a very trenchant perception of the play of character, not without a French flavor—for Reade is a dramatist, and is familiar with the French stage and literature—not even without a certain unlikeness to life in the unflagging brilliancy. The one thing he abhors is tediousness. It is the capital crime. It is sin. Yes, it is a blunder.

Bulwer's "What will he Do with It?" with its stately, grave progression—its episodes of philosophy and sentiment—its elaborate descriptions and its complicated plot—represents one extreme of the modern novel, as Reade's "Love me Little, Love me Long," with its vivacity and grace and sustained sparkle, and exquisite anatomy of character, represents the other.

It is pleasant to see the name of Richard Henry Dana, Jun., upon a new book, both because the Jun. reminds us that the poet of the "Buccaneer," and the thoughtful dreamer of "The Idle Man," the acute and sympathetic critic of Shakespeare, whose name is already traditionally honored in our literature, is living still; and because it recalls that story of "Two Years before the Mast," to which every thing that loves Robinson Crusoe in the heart of boy or man so eagerly responds.

Mr. R. H. Dana, Jun., is one of the few young men whom a first great literary success did not allure from the labor of a profession, but who left the position he would have acquired in literature to hold an equal eminence in the law. His forensic fame is familiar to all of us; and during the last winter he gave himself a brief vacation, which he devoted to a trip to Cuba.

And here is the result: a small, handy, neat, attractive volume—of course, for it is Ticknor & Fields's. The book is a journal of the residence of a few days on the island, of a man entirely prepared to see it—who knew what to look at, how to understand it, and how to describe it. It is like the conversation of a thoughtful, genial gentleman returned from his travels, with a fine flavor of humor and imagination. There is a delightful mellowness in it. It is a ripe talk about the tropics.

Mr. Dana economized his time, and there is no waste in his diary. He saw the life in Havana, and at Matanzas—he saw sugar-making and a coffee plantation—he saw a bull-fight and missed a cock-pit. He also saw Cuban slavery. Upon this vexed question Mr. Dana's opinions are well known. But he discusses it in his book as he discussed it at the dinner-table of the Bishop of Havana—as it is discussed by gentlemen at all tables every where. In fact, there is nothing in the spirit of the discussion to which the most sensitive opponent could take exception. And it is not the least of the excellences of this little book, nor of the services which it will render. May the author have many vacations! travel during all of them—and then tell the story.

That deft literary caterer, Mr. Frederic Saunders, who mixed that toothsome "Salad for the Solitary" and for "the Social," has been collecting choice bits and precious pieces from literature and fitting them together in the most attractive patterns. His "Mosaics," whose beautifully-illuminated title-page is a fit bush for the good wine within, is a volume of unusually careful typography. A quaint "Epistle to the Reader," that hath a flavor of Lamb, better describes the work than any other hand will be like to do: "In fine, the following pages comprise the selections, excerpts, pleasant passages, pencilings, jottings-down, and occasional memoranda of much miscellaneous reading: the pleasure-toils of leisure intervals snatched from the hours devoted to the sterner duties of life."

In fact, Mr. Saunders is a man who knows what books are good, reads them with relish, and gathers under many heads, as "Youth and Age," "Single Blessedness," "Origin of Celebrated Books," "The Magic of Music," etc., the many good things that many good authors have written about them. It is a charming summer book.

THE RIGHT MEN IN THE RIGHT PLACES.

THAT in these days of hot political dispute a President of the United States should make three appointments satisfactory to every body is surely a miracle. And yet there is not a man in the country who can justly complain of the nominations to the Fine Art Commission, which is charged with the superintendence of the decorations of the new Capitol at Washington. The Commissioners are Henry K. Brown, the sculptor, now living in Washington; J. R. Lambdin, the painter, of Philadelphia: and John F. Kensett, the landscape painter, of New York. They are all of them gentlemen of whose peculiar fitness for the position there can be no doubt; and that, also, a Lounger may say, in passing, verges upon the miraculous.

Napoleon the Great used to say that the secret of governmental and military success was to put the right man in the right place. Like every axiom of every great man, it is very possible that this carries much more than meets the eye. For the Emperor in question did not say that the man who is most competent to the duties of an office is the best man to fill it. That is a very different thing.

Thus, purely by way of illustration, a Secretary of the Treasury might consider the right man in the right place, in the case of any officer in his department, to be the man who most implicitly did as he was bid, although that man might be as ignorant of the scope and duties of the office as, if he were an American Minister at a foreign court, he would be of the language spoken at that court.

But, abstractly, the right man in the right place, is he who best understands its natural and not its adventitious duties—the man who, if he is set to keep books, knows how to keep books, whether or not he understands how to bring voters to the ballot-box.

And there is one grand reason, in the practical working of our political system, why it would be well to limit the tenure of the Presidency to a single term. It is that the claims of mere party—of a party organization—the claims of men to hold office because they hired votes or broke heads at a primary meeting, would give way, in some degree, to those of men who were competent. It would tend to prevent the appointing of shoemakers to run steam-engines, and of blacksmiths to make Charlotte de Russe.

What a kind of millennial prospect opens at the suggestion that all appointments should be made upon the principle that has governed in the case of Messrs. Brown, Lambdin, and Kensett! It is dazzling—it is incredible! It is too much for the unassisted human imagination, and we forbear!

GOING HOME!

THE pretty little Piccolomini is going home! Pretty, little, rotund, and much too arch Piccolomini. She did—perhaps is doing, last of all, the Christian martyr. Rachel did the same; but they did it differently.

Let us hope the little *prima donna* has gathered plenty of dollars, and that she will not have to sing much longer. If only turns of the head were valuable, how invaluable were Piccolomini!

But we are getting exigent in this country. It is not enough now that a pretty woman has sung with prestige in London; she must sing well in New York. Then we will go to hear her one night, and the next the manager may close the theatre.

Piccolomini sings prettily, and has the natural Italian dramatism. There never was an Italian who could not be a pretty good actor of a certain kind. Did somebody really give the little *prima donna* a carriage and horses? Ah! why do we get tired of sugar-candy!

ABOUT LOUIS NAPOLEON.

ONE of the most striking of the minor details which has fallen under our eye in regard to the war is an implication, in the letter of a foreign correspondent of one of the daily papers, who is understood to be familiar with the liberal movements in Europe, that Louis Napoleon has now opened to him in Italy a chance of retrieving his Past. The tone in which the matter is mentioned shows that there is some expectation upon the writer's part that he may do so.

Another paper editorially suggests the probable philosophy of such a movement upon his part. It is, in brief, that the revolution is "in permanence" in Europe—that it is irresistible, and that Louis Napoleon seeing this, puts himself at the head of it, instead of under its feet, and following the traditional policy of the English Government at home, will help any part of Italy which he perceives to be insisting upon something that must be yielded, in order that by granting what can not be withheld he may nip the buds of revolution.

In this way he will hope to ease matters along, giving his despotism a democratic, instead of an aristocratic, basis.

That this is wise no one can deny. Indeed facts are too strong for the opinion that Louis Napoleon is only a lucky man. But that he is a really great man has yet to appear. That he could not prosper against fortune, Boulogne and Strasbourg show. That he could use it skillfully, his return to France and the 2d of December prove.

To put himself at the head of the Italians against the Austrians is merely to pursue the policy he has practiced in France.

His departure from Paris to take command of the army of Italy was symbolical of his policy. The enthusiasm was incredible, we are told. The old Napoleonic fires of fifty years ago blazed out afresh. When the imperial carriage reached the Hôtel de Ville, Louis Napoleon ordered his Guard to draw back. The people of Paris, the ouvriers of the Faubourgs, pressed around the carriage and kissed the Emperor's hand. He and his wife were overcome. Tears flowed down her cheeks. His life quivered. Then the procession moved again. The vast throng swarmed toward the railway station, and a band of barricade-makers marched between the Emperor's carriage and his Guard. It was a symbol of his future. It revealed the secret of his success.

But all this indicates no difference in the man—no less unscrupulous ambition—no less personal duplicity and criminality. Of course no man can say that Louis Napoleon might not desire to reform his ways and live cleanly. But why should the word of a colossal offender be taken more readily than that of a smaller sinner? It will be quite time to laud him as a friend of the people when he shows that he is so. While he only *says* so, History remembers his oaths and his perjury.

A MIRACLE.

OF course we all know that we live in an age of miracles. At least, we say so. Listen to any of the famous lecturers!

But while we say so we do not always carry in our minds a clear idea of what we are talking about; and the Lounger having been helping himself to form such an idea, will try to help his readers.

About the 13th, 14th, and 15th of May the French army was landing at Genoa, four thousand miles from Franklin Square and the office of *Harper's Weekly*. On the 26th of May the most mathematically exact representations of the scene—showing every spar and rope upon every vessel in the harbor—every window in every palace on the shore—were in the hands of the engravers in Franklin Square.

There is no little incident which could more fully illustrate the times in which we live. The Directors may take their time about the Atlantic cable.

"THE HEART OF THE ANDES."

MR. CHURCH's picture sailed in the *Persia*. Its success, upon exhibition, was unparalleled. The large room of the studio building was constantly thronged, and on the last day the crowd was inconveniently great, and overflowed into the street, so that many persons were unable to see the picture at all. The receipts from the few days of the exhibition were more than thirty-five hundred dollars.

Among the spectators there seems to have been great uniformity of opinion. That it is a remarkable and masterly work none were disposed to deny. That it is probably the noblest landscape ever painted here was admitted. That it is not surpassed in the qualities of a great picture by any landscape, by any master any where, was the feeling of some who do not believe that art, which springs from the imagination, and is dependent upon certain mechanical conditions, is doomed to languish or deteriorate among a people the law of whose life is action and progress.

However, it is not necessary, in order to extol this picture sufficiently, to insist that it is the greatest of all pictures. Let us only hope that we may have the opportunity to renew the discussion about it by seeing it once more "in our midst," as Yankee Doodle will persist in saying. We shall follow and chronicle its foreign progress with the most careful interest; and if any prince, potentate, nobleman, or ordinary millionaire, betrays a disposition to secure it for his gallery, we shall spring the rattle and ring the alarm-bell without delay.

And then, when it does return, what shall be done with it? There are plenty of generous gentlemen who will doubtless gladly say, "I will draw my check for $—,000 if I can obtain that picture."

Yes; but when any one of them has become the owner, what will he do with it? Mr. Wright, Mr. Aspinwall, Mr. Belmont, Mr. Roberts, and others, have already shown what they would do—have, in fact, already shown that they know how to possess great pictures—by owning them as stewards for the many who can not buy, but who can enjoy.

And yet before these gentlemen opened their galleries, under proper conditions, to the public, it was really almost impossible for an artist to have a fair chance to make his just fame. He painted a fine picture in his studio. Mr. Midas saw it and bought it. It was transferred to the Midas mansion, and beheld by the guests at the exquisite Midas dinners and the dancers at the beautiful Midas balls. But the great mass of the lovers and judges of pictures never saw it, and the reputation of the artist was doomed to grow, as a plant grows in a cellar (no offense to the Midas mansion, but speaking figuratively of seclusion), pale and feeble.

Suppose, for instance, when the "Heart of the Andes" was completed, Mr. Midas had bought it and entombed it in his mansion. He would have entombed the fame of the painter with it.

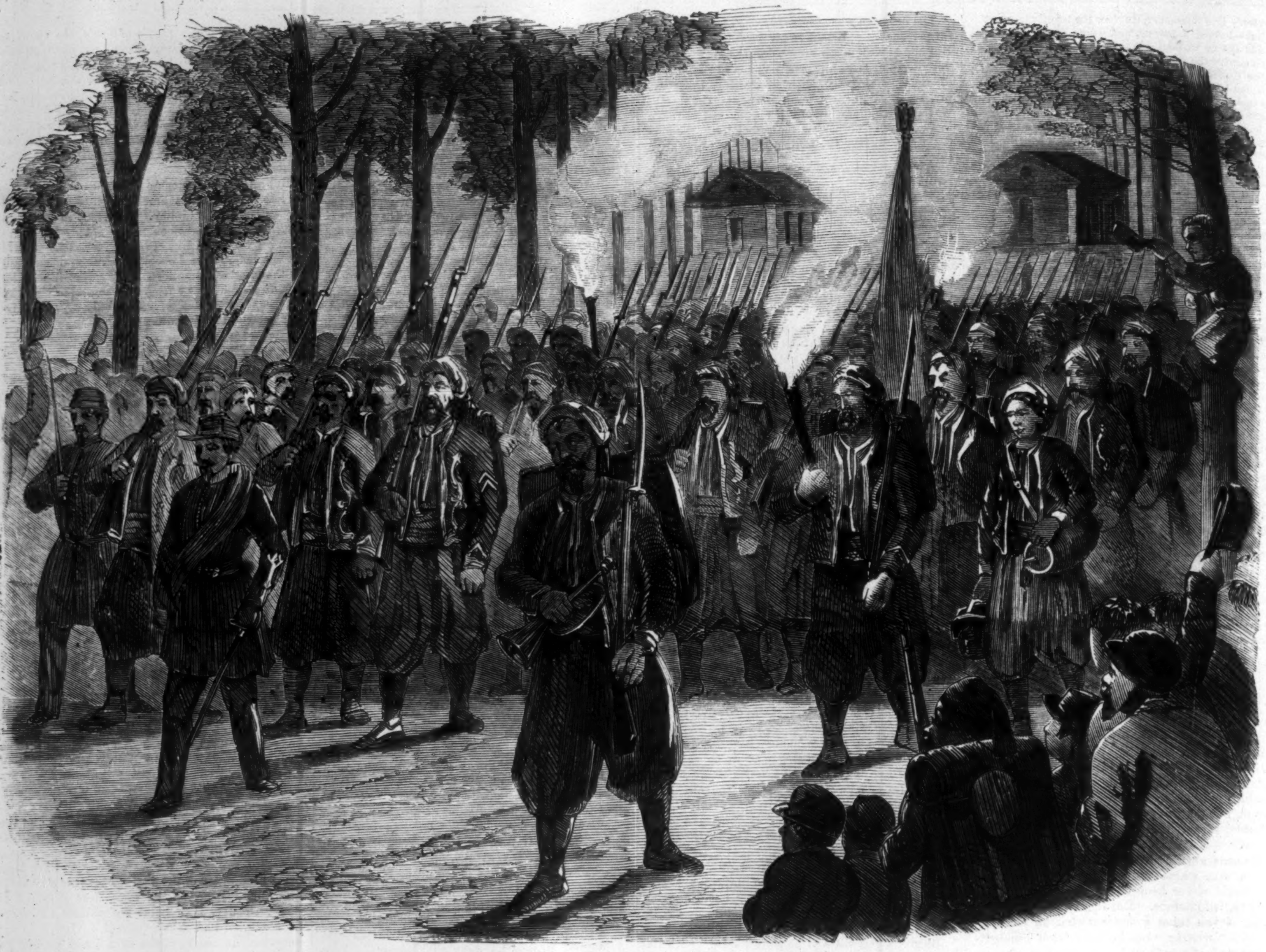
We need, therefore, some permanent public gallery, in which the reputations of the painters may have a fair chance; and it seems as if Mr. M'Clure, the gentleman who has Mr. Church's picture in charge during its foreign trip, were just the man to superintend some such enterprise.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—HERBERT WISWALL, Boston. It is fair to presume, if an author does not put his name to a sketch, when he might easily do so, that for some reason he does not care to acknowledge its paternity. In the case you mention your suspicion is correct.

—S. sends a poem which he received from a friend with a dozen oranges that he lost "in playing a match of chess with Montgomery" of Philadelphia. But it is mislaid.

—CHRONOLOGY. Historians, when speaking of events before the introduction of N.S., indicate that they follow the old reckoning by affixing the O.S. to the date. In any good historian, where the "style" is not mentioned, it is safe to assume the N.S.



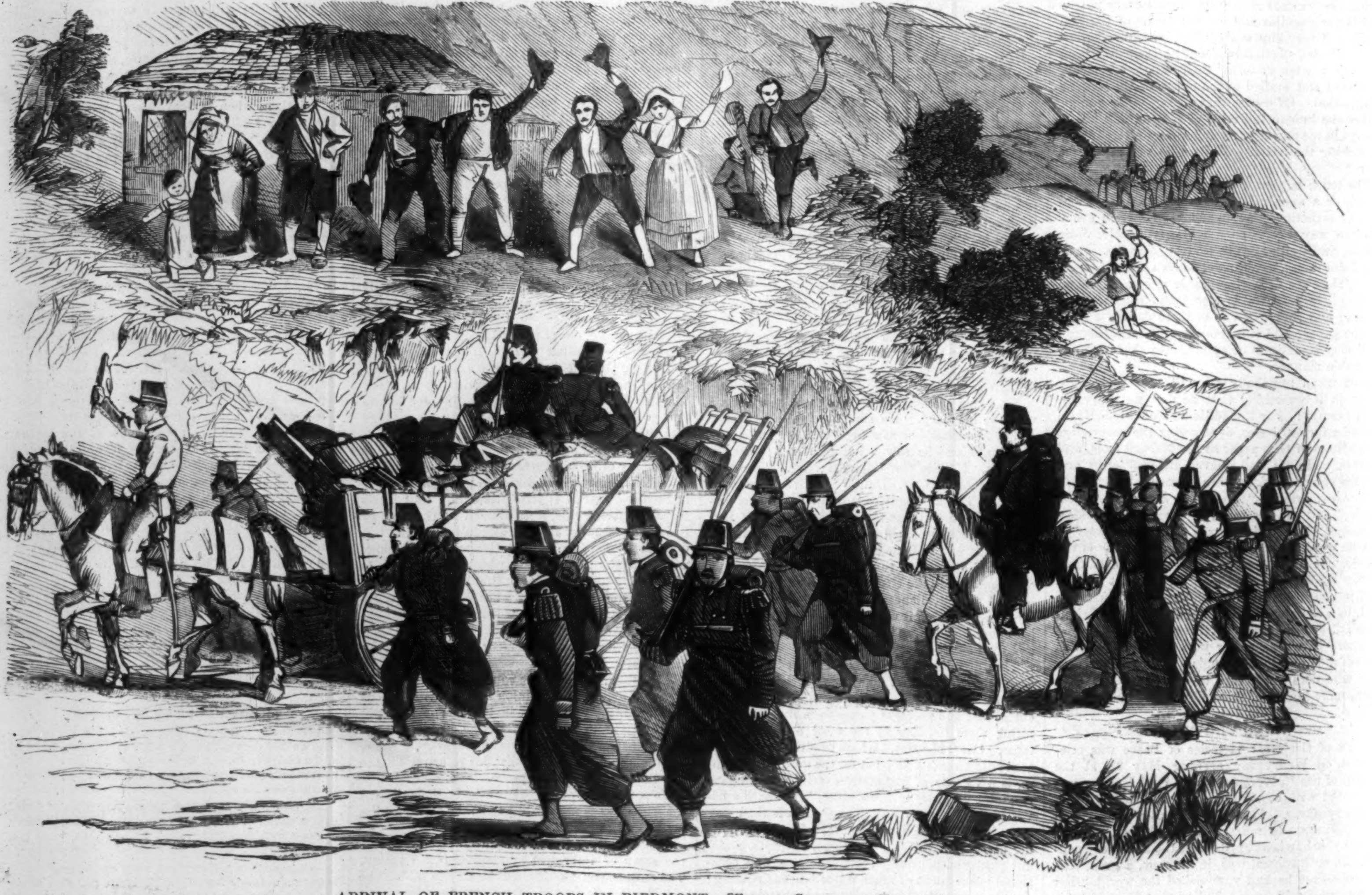
ZOUAVES LEAVING VERSAILLES BY TORCH-LIGHT FOR THE SEAT OF WAR.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN NORTHERN ITALY.

THE accompanying illustrations will enable our readers to form, in their mind's eye, some truthful picture of the troops of whose evolutions in the field they are just now hearing so much.

The French army is said to consist of about 580,000 men, to wit: 300,000 infantry of the line, 20,000 chasseurs, 9200 Zouaves, 14,000 African infantry, 85,000 cavalry, 60,000 artillery, 7500 engineers, and the famous new Imperial Guard, 35,000 men.

Of this army the *élite* is the Guard which the present Emperor has taken so much pains in forming. It is a little army in itself, having its own infantry, cavalry of all arms, artillery, and engineers; and is composed of the best men from the line. All the soldiers of the guards are conspicuous for size and strength; nearly all have won medals. When the guard was first formed there was much jealousy of the "pet corps" among the troops of the line; but the gallant behavior of the guards before Sebastopol—whither they were sent to efface the stigma of "carpet knights" given them by their less favored comrades—restored them to favor. They are probably the finest body of troops in the world.

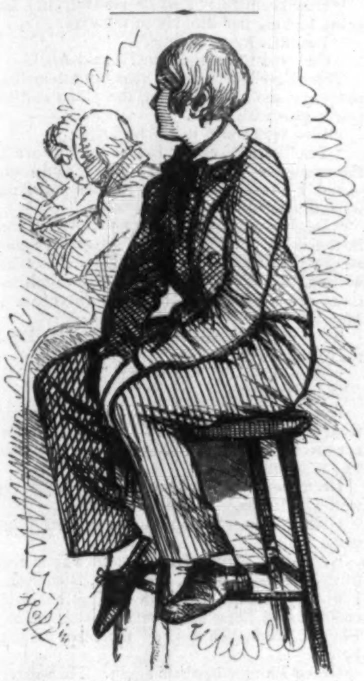


ARRIVAL OF FRENCH TROOPS IN PIEDMONT.—[FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK VIZETELLY.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.



A SCHOOL-BOY NO LONGER.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SUNSHINE.

The lad seated himself by the window. Scratch—scratch—scratch. The sun sparkled in the river. The sails, after yesterday's rain, were loosened to dry, and were white as if it had rained milk upon them instead of water. Every thing looked cheerful and bright from Lawrence Newt's window. The lad saw with delight how much sunshine there was in the office.

"I don't believe it would hurt my health to work here," thought he.

Mr. Lawrence Newt rang a little bell. Venables entered quietly.

"Most ready out there?" asked Mr. Newt.

"Most ready, Sir."

"Brisk's the word this morning, you know. Please to copy these letters."

Venables said nothing, took the letters, and went out.

"Now, young man," said the merchant, "tell me what you want."

The lad's heart turned toward him like a fallow-field to the May sun.

"My father's been unfortunate, Sir, and I want to do something for myself. He advised me to come to you."

"Why?"

"Because he said you would give me good advice if you couldn't give me employment."

"Well, Sir, you seem a strong, likely lad. Have you ever been in a store?"

"No, Sir. I left school last week."

Mr. Newt looked out of the window.

"Your father's been unfortunate?"

"Yes, Sir."

"How's that? Has he told a lie, or lost his eyes, or his health, or has his daughter married a drunkard?" asked Mr. Lawrence Newt, looking at the lad with a kindly humor in his eyes.

"Oh no, Sir," replied the boy, surprised. "He's lost his money."

"Oh ho! his money! And it is the loss of money which you especially called 'unfortunate.' Now, my boy, think a moment. Is there any thing belonging to your father which he could so well spare? Has he any superfluous boy or girl? any useless arm or leg? any unnecessary good temper or honesty? any taste for books, or pictures, or the country that he would part with? Is there any thing which he owns that it would not be a greater misfortune to him to lose than his money? Honor bright, my boy. If you think there is, say so!"

The youth smiled.

"Worse things could happen to us than poverty," said he.

Mr. Lawrence Newt interrupted him by remarks which were belied by his beaming face.

"Worse things than poverty! Why, my dear young man, what kind of sentiments are those for a mercantile aspirant? Do you not know that it is written in the largest efforts upon the lives of all Americans, 'Resist poverty, and it will flee from you?' If you do not begin by considering poverty the root of all evil, where on earth do you expect to end? Cease to be poor, learn to be rich. I'm afraid you don't read the good book. So your father has health"—the boy nodded—"and a whole body, a good temper, an affectionate family, generous and refined tastes, pleasant relations with others, a warm heart, a clear conscience"—the boy nodded with an increasing enthusiasm of assent—"and yet you call him unfortunate—ruined! Why, look here, my son; there's an old apple-woman at the corner of Burling Slip, where I stop every day and buy apples; she's sixty years old, and through thick and thin, under a dripping wreck of an umbrella when it rains, under the sky when it shines—warming herself by a foot-stove in winter, by the sun in summer—there the old creature sits. She has an old, sick, querulous husband at home, who tries to beat her. Her daughters are all out at service—let us hope, in kind families—her sons are dull, ignorant ditchers; her home is solitary and forlorn; she can not read much, nor does she want to; she is coughing her life away, and succeeds in selling apples enough to pay her rent and buy food for her old man and herself. She told me yesterday that she was a most fortunate woman. What does the word mean? I give it up."

The lad looked around the spacious office, on every table and desk and chair of which was written Prosperity as plainly as the name of Lawrence Newt upon the little tin sign by the door. Except for the singular magnetism of the merchant's presence, which dissipated such a suggestion as rapidly as it rose, the youth would have said aloud what was in his heart:

"How easy 'tis for a rich man to smile at poverty!"

The man watched the boy, and knew perfectly well what he was thinking. As the eyes of the younger involuntarily glanced about the office and presently returned to the merchant, they found the merchant's gazing so keenly that they seemed to be mere windows through which his soul was looking. But the keen earnestness melted imperceptibly into the usual sweetness as Lawrence Newt said:

"You think I can talk prettily about misfortune because I know nothing about it. You make a great mistake. No man, even in jest, can talk well of what he doesn't understand. So don't misunderstand me. I am rich, but I am not fortunate."

He said it in the same tone as before, without any melodrama.

"If you wanted a rose and got only a buttercup, should you think yourself fortunate?" asked Mr. Newt.

"Why, yes, Sir. A man can't expect to have every thing precisely as he wants it," replied the boy.

"My young friend, you are of opinion that a half loaf is better than no bread. True—so am I. But never make the mistake of supposing a half to be the whole. Content is a good thing. When the man sent for cake, and said, 'John, if you can't get cake, get smelts,' he did wisely. But smelts are not cake for all that. What's your name?" asked Mr. Newt, abruptly.

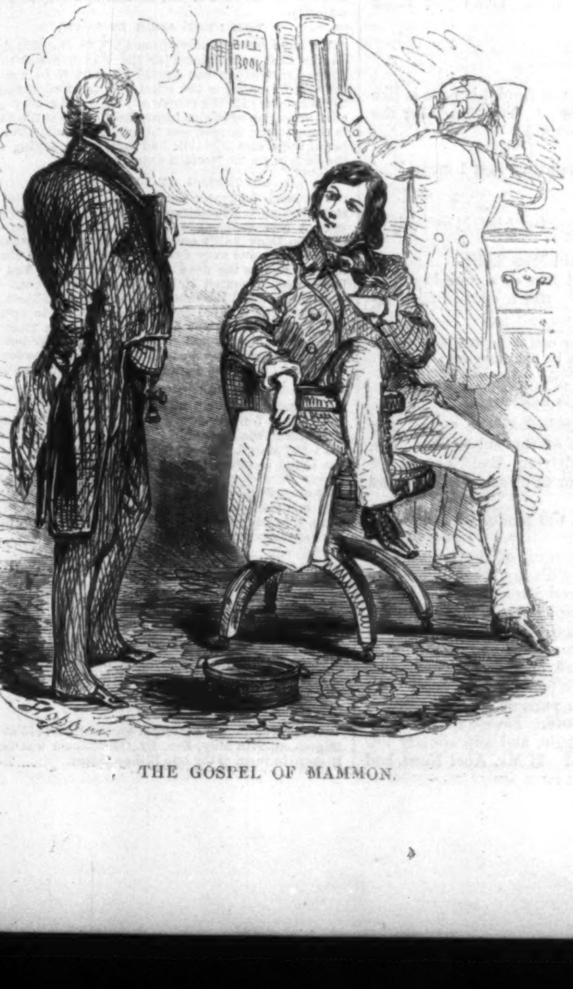
"Gabriel Bennet," replied the boy.

"Bennet—Bennet—what Bennet?"

"I don't know, Sir."

Lawrence Newt was apparently satisfied with this answer. He only said:

"Well, my son, you do wisely to say at once you don't know, instead of going back to somebody a few centuries ago, of whose father you have to make the same answer. The Newts, however, you must be aware, are a very old family." The merchant smiled. "They came into England with the Normans; but who they came into Normandy with I don't know. Do you?"



THE GOSPEL OF MAMMON.

Gabriel laughed, with a pleasant feeling of confidence in his companion.

"Have you been at school in the city?" asked the merchant.

Gabriel told him that he had been at Mr. Gray's.

"Oh ho! then you know my nephew Abel?"

"Yes, Sir," replied Gabriel, coloring.

"Smart boy is Abel," said Mr. Newt.

Gabriel made no reply.

"Do you like Abel?"

Gabriel paused a moment, then said:

"No, Sir."

The merchant looked at the boy for a few moments.

"Who did you like at school?"

"Oh, I liked Jim Greenwich and Little Malacca best," replied Gabriel, as if the whole world must be familiar with those names.

At the mention of the latter Lawrence Newt changed color.

"Gabriel, I take you into my office."

He called Mr. Tray.

"Thomas Tray, this is the youngest clerk, Gabriel Bennet. Gabriel, this is the head of the outer office, Mr. Thomas Tray. Thomas, ask Venables to step this way."

That young man appeared immediately.

"Mr. Venables, you are promoted. You have seven hundred dollars a year, and are no longer youngest clerk. Gabriel Bennet, this is Frank Venables. Be friends. Now go to work."

There was a general bowing, and Thomas Tray and the two young men retired.

At the same moment a gentleman entered the office in great haste.

"Is Mr. Newt in?"

"In the inner room, Sir."

He knocked and went in.

"Good-morning, Mr. Slocum."

"Good-morning, Mr. Newt. I want to consult you, Sir."

Mr. Mark Slocum had been a clerk of Mr. Newt's in former years. All Mr. Newt's clerks, when they were in business for themselves, regarded Mr. Newt as a kind of father and adviser. Some men beget that relation with all with whom they deal, other men do not.

"Well, Mr. Slocum, what is it to-day?"

"Why, Sir, I suspected last week that there was very little pepper in market. The *Argo* and the *Viking*, you remember, were both lost."

"Yes," said Lawrence Newt, leaning back and playing with his quill.

"Radd & Totham, who were the heaviest holders, have sold all they had long ago."

"Yes."

"I find there have been scarcely any English cargoes during the year."

"Yes."

"There's none in Boston."

"So I hear."

"None in Philadelphia."

"Yes."

"None any where."

"Yes."

"There can't be any for a long time."

"Ah?"

"Wouldn't it be a splendid speculation?"

"Capital."

Mr. Slocum rose, in an excited manner.

"I'm glad you think so. You quite agree with my view of the case?"

"Perfectly."

"Then the *Lapwing* shall be off as soon as possible. I'll lose no time. Good-morning."

He was hurrying out, but Lawrence Newt, still quietly leaning back and playing with his quill, called to him as he reached the door.

"Mr. Slocum!"

The merchant paused and turned, still holding the handle. Mr. Newt continued,

"I am entirely of your opinion."

Mr. Slocum smiled.

"In fact," said Mr. Newt, "I was so persuaded, three months ago, of the justice of the view you mention that I took measures, and have now three ship-loads of pepper on their way. I thought of it a little sooner than you—that's all. So you must take my three ships into your account."

Mr. Slocum was confounded. The disappointment was sudden and sharp. But after a moment's chagrin he felt the kindness of his old master in not allowing him to proceed in the dark.

"By George! Mr. Newt," said he, "you're always ahead of us. And you deserve to be," added he, returning and shaking Lawrence Newt's hand. "Good-morning."

He said it quietly, and went calmly out. Mr. Newt opened a letter which had been brought in during the interview.

> "Dear Sir,—I trust you will pardon this intrusion. It is a long time since I have had the honor of writing to you, but I thought you would wish to know that Miss Wayne will be in New York, for the first time, within a day or two after you receive this letter. She is with her aunt, Mrs. Dinks, who will stay at Bunker's.
>
> "Respectfully yours,
>
> "Jane Simcoe."

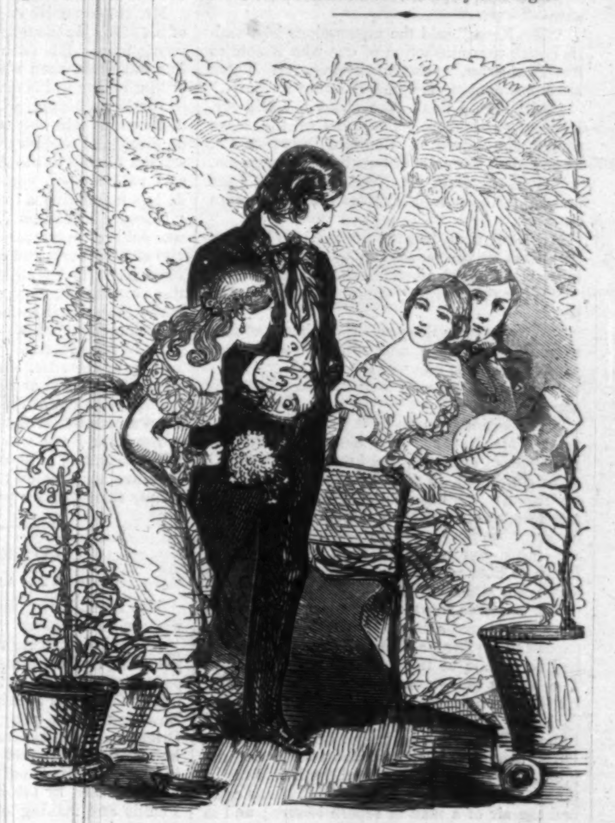
Lawrence Newt's head drooped as he sat. Presently he arose and walked up and down the office.

Meanwhile Gabriel was installed. That ceremony consisted of offering him a high stool with a leathern seat. Mr. Tray remarked that he should have a drawer in the high desk, on both sides of which the clerks were seated. The installation was completed by Mr. Tray's formally introducing the new-comer to the older clerks.

The scratching began again. Our friend Gabriel looked curiously upon the work in which he was now to share. The young men had no words for him. Mr. Newt was engaged within. The boy had a vague feeling that he must shift for himself—that every body was busy—that play in this life had ended and work begun. The thought tasted to him much more like smelts than cake. And while he was wisely left by Thomas Tray to familiarize himself with the entire novelty of the situation his mind flashed back to Delafield with an aching longing, and the boy would willingly have put his face in his hands and wept. But he sat quietly looking at his companions—until Mr. Tray said,

"Gabriel, I want you to copy this invoice."

And Gabriel was a school-boy no longer.



CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PHILOSOPHY.

Abel Newt believed in his lucky star. He had managed Uncle Savory—couldn't he manage the world?

"My son," said Mr. Boniface Newt, "you are now about to begin the world." Begin? thought Abel. "You are now coming into my house as a merchant. In this world we must do the best we can. It is a great pity that men are not considerate, and all that. But they are not. They are selfish. You must take them as you find them. *You*, my son, think they are all honest and good."—Do I? quoth son, in his soul.—"It is the bitter task of experience to undeceive youth from its romantic dreams. As a rule, Abel, men are rascals. That is to say, they pursue their own interests. How sad! True; how sad! Where was I? Oh! men are scamps. With some exceptions—but you must go by the rule. Life is a scrub-race—melancholy, Abel, but true. I talk plainly to you, but I do it for your good. If we were all angels, things would be different. If this were the Millennium, every thing would doubtless be agreeable to every body. But it is not—how very sad! True, how very sad! Where was I? Oh! it's all devil take the hindmost. And because your neighbors are dishonest, why should you starve? You see, Abel?"

It was in Mr. Boniface Newt's counting-room that he preached this gospel. A boy entered and announced that Mr. Hadley was outside looking at some cases of dry goods that day received.

"Now, Abel," said his father, "I'll return in a moment."

He stepped out, smiling and rubbing his hands. Mr. Hadley was stooping over a case. Blackstone, Hadley, & Merrimack—no safer purchasers in the world. The countenance of

Boniface Newt beamed upon the customer as if he saw good notes at six months exuding from every part of his person.

"Good-morning, Mr. Hadley. Charming morning, Sir—beautiful day, Sir. What's the word this morning, Sir?"

"Nothing, nothing," returned the customer. "Pretty print that. Just what I've been looking for" (renewed rubbing of hands on the part of a certain person)—"very pretty. If it's the right width, it's just the thing. Let me see—that's about seven-eighths." He shook his head negatively. "No, not wide enough. If that print were a yard wide, I should take all you have."

"Oh, that's a yard," replied Mr. Newt; "certainly, a full yard." He looked around inquiringly, as if for a yard-stick.

"Where is the yard-stick?" asked Mr. Hadley.

"Timothy!" said Mr. Newt to the boy, with a peculiar look (might I say even a half-wink? How sad, how very sad! Where was I? oh, even a half wink).

The boy disappeared and reappeared with a yard-stick, while Mr. Newt's face underwent a series of expressions of subdued anger and disgust.

"Now, then," said Mr. Hadley, laying the yard-stick upon the calicoes; "yes, as I thought, seven-eighths; too narrow—sorry."

There were thirty cases of those goods in the loft. Boniface Newt groaned in soul. The unconscious small boy, who had brought the yard-stick, stood by.

"Mr. Newt," said Hadley, stopping at another case, "that is very handsome."

"Very, very, and that is the last case."

"You have no other cases?"

"No."

"Oh! well, send it round at once; for I am sure—"

"Mr. Newt," said the unconscious boy, smiling with the satisfaction of one who is able to correct an error, "you are mistaken, Sir. There are a dozen more cases just like that up stairs."

"Ah! then I don't care about it," said Mr. Hadley, passing on. The head of the large commission-house of Boniface Newt & Co. looked upon the point of bursting with vexation.

"Good-morning, Mr. Newt; sorry that I see nothing farther," said Mr. Hadley, and he went out.

Mr. Newt turned to the unconscious boy.

"What do you mean, Sir, by saying and doing such things?" asked he, sharply.

"What things, Sir?" demanded the appalled boy.

"Why, getting the yard-stick when I winked to you not to find it, and telling of other cases when I said that one was the last."

"Why, Sir, because it wasn't the last," said the boy.

"For business purposes it *was* the last, Sir," replied Mr. Newt. "You don't know the first principles of business; and I really do not think"—he continued, in a more mollified tone, observing that the boy quailed under the idea of a philosophy entirely beyond him, couched in the phrase "business purposes"—"and I really do not think you will ever be a business man. Learn to hold your tongue, or you will have to leave your situation, Sir."

Mr. Boniface Newt, ruffled and red, went into his office, where he found Abel reading the newspaper and smoking a cigar. The clerks outside had been pale at the audacity of Newt, Jun. The young man was dressed extremely well. He had improved the few weeks of his residence in the city by visits to Frost the tailor in Maiden Lane, and had sent out his measure to Forr the Paris bootmaker, artists that turned out the prettiest figures that decorated the Broadway of those days. Mr. Abel Newt, to his father's eyes, had the air of a man of superb leisure; and as he sat reading the paper with one leg thrown over the arm of the office-chair and the smoke languidly curling from his lips, Mr. Newt felt profoundly, but vaguely uncomfortable, as if he had some slight prescience of a future of indolence for the hope of the house of Newt.

As his father entered Mr. Abel dropped by his side, the hand still holding the newspaper, and without removing the cigar, said, through the cloud of smoke he blew,

"Father, you were imparting your philosophy of life."

The older gentleman, somewhat discomposed, answered,

"Yes, I was saying what a pity it is that men are such d——d rascals, because they force every body else to be so, too. But what can you do? It's all very fine to talk, but we've got to live. I guess I sha'n't be such an ass as to run into the street and say, 'I gave ten cents a yard for that, but you must pay me twenty.' Not at all. It's other men's business to find that out if they can. It's a great game, business is, and the smartest chap wins. Every body knows we are going to get the largest price we can. People are gouging and shinning and sucking all round. It's give and take. I am not here to look out for other men, I'm here to take care of myself—for nobody else will. It's very sad, I know; it's very sad, indeed. It's absolutely melancholy. Ah, yes! where was I? Oh! I was saying that a lie well stuck to is better than the truth wavering. It's perfectly dreadful, my son, from some points of view—Christianity, for instance. But what on earth are you going to do? The only happy people are the rich people, for they don't have this eternal bother how to make money. Don't misunderstand me, my son; I do not say that you must always tell stories. Heaven forbid! But a man is not bound always to tell the whole truth. The very law itself says that no man need give evidence against himself. Besides, business is no worse than every other calling. Do you suppose a lawyer never defends a man whom he knows to be guilty? He says he does it to give the culprit a fair trial. Fiddle-de-dee! He does no such thing. He doesn't merely present the case, he strains every nerve to get the man off. Pfui! why, a lawyer is hired to take the side of a company or a corporation in every quarrel. He's paid by the year or by the case. He stops to consider whether his company is right, doesn't he? he works for justice, not for victory? Oh, yes! stuff! He works for fees. What's the meaning of a retainer? That if upon examination the lawyer finds the retaining party to be in the right, he will undertake the case? Fiddle! no! but that he will undertake the case anyhow and fight it through. So 'tis all round. I wish I was rich, and I'd be out of it."

Mr. Boniface Newt discoursed warmly—Mr. Abel Newt listened with extreme coolness. He whiffed his cigar, and leaned his head on one side as he hearkened to the wisdom of experience.

"There's one other way," said the young gentleman, calmly.

"What's that?"

"To marry a rich girl," said Abel, "provided always you happen to be in love with her."

"Yes," replied Mr. Newt; "but you know there are not a great many girls of that kind. How many are there rich independent of their parents? The article is scarce, and it is always taken up very rapidly. Besides, suppose a man doesn't fall in love with one of them; suppose, in fact, that the one is not an attractive one," said Mr. Newt with a candor that did him credit.

"Ah yes; to be sure, in that case," replied his son through the tobacco smoke.

"Yes—in that case—?" said Mr. Newt.

"Best of fathers, do you remember what the wolf said to the sheep? 'I'm not fond of wool, but I'm *so* fond of mutton!'"

Mr. Boniface Newt smiled. He was proud of his son. He thought him a very ready, smart young man. His future seemed to him much less uncertain than when he had caught sight of him lolling in his office-chair, smoking.

Mr. Newt himself was very much opposed to dishonesty. He only wanted to be rich to put duplicity and sophistry under his feet. He subscribed largely to the American Tract Society, and paid a poor, consumptive clergyman ten dollars for writing a tract of fifty pages entitled "Honesty is the best Policy"—a copy of which was laid in every pew of every church in the city of New York, and caused the name of Boniface Newt to be mentioned with applause at the next anniversary meeting of the Society; while the annual sermon, called "Christianity in Commerce," which was preached before the Society for the relief of decayed clergymen's relicts, by Rev. Dr. Maundy, alluded glowingly to Boniface Newt and his benefaction, but without specification of the sum, which would have been unseemly for the pulpit.

Boniface Newt was fond of a performance which he called philosophizing. But what some men are accustomed to call their philosophy is simply their practice put into words.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OF GIRLS AND FLOWERS.

MR. ABEL NEWT was not a philosopher; he was a man of action.

He told his mother that he could not accompany her to the Springs, because he must prepare himself to enter the counting-room of his father. But the evening before she left, Mrs. Newt had a little party for Mrs. Plumer, of New Orleans. So Miss Grace, of whom his mother had written Abel, and who was just about leaving school, left school and entered society, simultaneously, by taking leave of Madame de Feuille and making her courtesy at Mrs. Boniface Newt's.

Madame de Feuille's was a "finishing" school. An extreme polish was given to young ladies by Madame de Feuille. By her generous system they were fitted to be wives of men of even the largest fortune. There was not one of her pupils who would not have been equal to the addresses of a millionaire. It is the profound conviction of all who were familiar with that seminary that the pupils would not have shrunk from marrying a crown-prince, or any king in any country who confined himself to Christian wedlock with one wife, or even the son of an English duke—so perfect was the polish! so liberal the education!

It is well remembered that in the previous year Miss Dolly Whetwood Tully, one of Madame de Feuille's successes, was introduced at the English Court with her mother, Mrs. Whetwood Whetwood Tully, and was very much admired in the radiant circles of English fashion, where she was called "*La belle Americaine*," being the only young American woman who was ever said to be so called. Young gentlemen—young noblemen, even, were beheld by the delighted mother bowing to Miss Tully and talking to her. Had the maternal soul been a cockerel, a perpetual cock-a-doodle-doo would have resounded from her lips, so proudly did it cry aloud within her when she saw the scions of famous houses—the Marquis of Crockford, Viscount Tattersalls, the Earl of Ascot, and young Lord Tantivy—moving with Miss Whetwood Tully in the dance, or bowing to Miss Tully in the Park, or glancing toward Miss Tully at the opera. Mrs. Whetwood Tully was pained by the universal obsequiousness of the lower orders which she witnessed in England, and was very thankful that our institutions prevented any such thing at home.

In fact she said as much (at least she said she said so) to Lady Bump—Lady Benjamin Bump, Baron Bump, of Bump, in Bump—when she was at luncheon with her Ladyship; and Lady Bump said (at least Mrs. Whetwood Tully said she said so), "Law, now! you Americans—are you black or red, or a little of each?" Baroness Bump, of Bump, in Bump, had been an actress in her youth, and her forte was the drama, not geography.

"Oh Mitheth Tully!" said young Lord Callow, in the midst of a group at a party which was mentioned in the *Post* with the names of the guests, including Mrs. Whetwood Whetwood Tully and Miss Whetwood Tully, and of which many copies were sent home by Mrs. T., that her friends might know of her residence in Paradise—"Oh Mitheth Tully! are you weally going? Are you weally going to beweave London of Mith Tully? Cwuel, cwuel woman!"

Mrs. Tully said afterward that she felt the immense responsibility of that moment. But she was a Brazer—the Brazers of the old Brazer family, so she rallied instantly and replied, beaming upon the circle of English youths—very young English youths—

"Oh yes, my Lord, we are going, but only for a little while. We shall meet friends in Paris, and return, I hope, before the end of the season. But I must really hasten home with my daughter; for it is my belief that Miss Whetwood Tully would prefer to conjugate in England to her own country!"

Lord Callow only replied—

"Ith it pothible!" and immediately retired.

How do we know that it was he who circulated the story which instantly rang through the rooms of "the noble host," and was re-echoed in the clubs, and has sounded on over the ocean and across thirty years, to be recorded on this page? It might have been Tudor Tudor, Marquis of Crockford, or Stuart Plantagenet, Viscount Tattersalls, who stood by Lord Callow's side, and smiled as the words of Mrs. Whetwood Whetwood Tully died upon her lips.

However that might be, here were Miss Tully—still Miss Tully—and Miss Grace Plumer and the Magots, with Mellish Whitloe, of course; and Mrs. Osborne Moultrie, a lovely woman from Georgia, and her son Sligo, a slim, graceful gentleman, with fair hair and eyes; Dr. and Mrs. Lush, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Maundy, upon the express understanding that there was to be no dancing, and a pleasant number of other agreeable people. They were all gathered at Mrs. Newt's little summer party—mere low-necked muslin and strawberries and ice-cream.

The eyes of the strangers of the gentler sex soon discovered the dark, rich face of Abel Newt, who moved among the groups with the grace and ease of an accomplished man of society, smiling brightly upon his friends, bowing gravely to those of his mother's guests whom he did not personally know.

"Who is that?" asked Mrs. Tully of Miss Fanny Newt.

"That is my brother Abel," replied Miss Fanny.

"Your brother Abel? how charming! How very like he is to Viscount Tattersalls. You've not been in England, I believe, Miss Newt?"

Fanny bowed negatively.

"Ah! then you have never seen Lord Tattersalls. He is a very superior young man. We were very intimate with him indeed. Dolly, dear!"

"Yes, ma."

"You remember our particular friend Lord Viscount Tattersalls?"

"Was he a bishop?" asked Miss Fanny Newt.

"Law! no, my dear. He was a—he was a—why, he was a Viscount, you know—a Viscount."

"Oh! a Viscount?"

"Yes, a Viscount."

"Ah! a Viscount."

"Well, Dolly dear, do you see how much Mr. Abel Newt resembles Lord Tattersalls?"

"Yes, ma."

"It's very striking, isn't it?"

"Yes, ma."

"Or now I look, I think he is even more like the Marquis of Crockford. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, ma."

"Very like indeed."

"Yes, ma."

"Dolly, dear, don't you think his nose is like the Duke of Wellington's? You remember the Wellington nose, my child?"

"Yes, ma."

"Or is it Lord Brougham's that I mean?"

"Yes, ma."

"Yes, dear."

"May I present my brother Abel, Miss Tully?" asked Fanny Newt.

"Yes, I'm sure," said Miss Tully.

Fanny Newt turned just as a song began in the other room, out of which opened the conservatory.

"Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
  And sair wi' his love he did deave me:
I said there was naething I hated like men—
  The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me,
  The deuce gae wi'm to believe me."

The rooms were hushed as the merry song rang out. The voice of the singer was arch, and her eye flashed slyly on Abel Newt as she finished, and a murmur of pleasure rose around her.

Abel leaned upon the piano, with his eyes fixed upon the singer.

Abel was fully conscious of the surprise he had betrayed to sister Fanny when she spoke suddenly of Mrs. Alfred Dinks. It was necessary to remove any suspicion that she might entertain in consequence. People of a certain kind prefer to pursue their ends privately. The end may be good enough in itself—may be one which it is perfectly proper every body should know—but the pursuer chooses secrecy. Secrecy is in his nature. Do we quarrel with snakes that they wriggle, and slip silently under rocks and stumps? If Mr. Abel Newt had intentions in which Miss Hope Wayne was interested, was there any reason why Miss Fanny Newt should mingle in the *tête-a-tête*. It would be a *tête-a-tête* no longer. It would be a crowd.

As Miss Plumer finished the song Abel saw his sister coming toward him through the little crowd, although his eyes seemed to be constantly fixed upon the singer.

"How beautiful!" said he, ardently, in a low voice, looking her directly in the eyes.

"Yes, it is a pretty song."

"Oh! you mean the song?" said Abel.

The singer blushed, and took up a bunch of roses that she had laid upon the piano and began to play with them.

"How very warm it is!" said she.

"Yes," said Abel. "Let us take a turn in the conservatory. It is both darker and cooler—and I think your eyes will give light and warmth enough to our conversation."

"Dear me! then it will be the Arctic zone in the conservatory," said Miss Grace Plumer, as she rose from the piano. (Mrs. Newt had written Abel she was fourteen! How droll mothers are sometimes! She was seventeen in May.)

"No, no," said Abel, "we shall find the Equator in that conservatory."

"Then look out for storms," replied Miss Plumer, laughing.

Abel offered his arm, and the young couple moved through the humming room. The arch eyes were cast down. The voice of the youth was very low.

He felt a touch, and turned. He knew very well who it was. It was his sister.

"Abel, I want to present you to Miss Whetwood Tully."

"My dear Fanny, I can not turn from roses to violets. Miss Tully, I am sure, is charming. I would go with you with all my heart if I could," said he, smiling and looking at Miss Plumer, "but, you see, all my heart is going here."

Grace Plumer blushed again. He was certainly a charming young man.

Fanny Newt, with lips parted, looked at him a moment and shook her head gently. Abel was sure she would happen to find herself in the conservatory presently, whither he and his companion slowly passed. It was prettily illuminated with a few candles—but was left purposely dim.

"How lovely it is here! Oh! how fond I am of flowers!" said Miss Plumer, with the prettiest little rapture, and such a little spring that Abel was obliged to hold her arm more closely.

"Are you fond of flowers, Mr. Newt?"

"Yes; but I prefer them living."

"Living flowers—what a poetic idea! But what do you mean?" asked Grace Plumer, hanging her head.

Abel saw somebody in the cane sofa under the great orange-tree, almost hidden in the shade. Dear Fanny, thought he.

"My dear Miss Grace," began Abel, in his lowest, sweetest voice; but the conservatory was so still that the words could have been easily heard by any one sitting upon the sofa.

Some one was sitting there—some one did hear. Abel smiled in his heart, and bent more closely to his companion. They came nearer. Some one not only heard, but started. Abel raised his eyes smilingly to meet Fanny's. Somebody else started then; for under the great orange-tree, on the cane sofa, sat Lawrence Newt and Hope Wayne.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE VIRGINIA ELECTION.

THE returns of the Virginia election are yet very incomplete, and insufficient to enable us to form a definite idea as to the result. The latest dispatch from Richmond announces that the returns are unsatisfactory, but indicate the election of Mr. Letcher by a very moderate majority.

THE DEAD LOCK IN UTAH.

We have received news from Utah to the 20th April. At the final adjournment of the United States Court, Judge Cradlebaugh had caused an entry to be made on the Court records, to the effect that the interference of the Mormons with the course of justice had rendered the administration of justice impossible, and that the Court, in consequence thereof, was adjourned *sine die*. A number of important affidavits had been made, setting forth the facts of recent Mormon outrages.

SUFFERING AT PIKE'S PEAK.

The most deplorable accounts reach us daily of the sufferings among the disappointed gold-seekers in Kansas. A correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat*, writing from Denver City on the 9th inst., asserts that many of the emigrants were dying of starvation, and that in some instances the dead bodies of those who had perished were devoured by surviving companions. One man had reached the mines in a starving condition, and expressed the opinion that his party, nine in number, had all perished. The departures from the mines are stated to be about equal to the arrivals. Five hundred of those returning reached St. Joseph's on Saturday, all of whom confirm the accounts of suffering on the Plains.

FRAZER RIVER LOOKING UP.

The news from British Columbia is to April 29. The intelligence from Frazer River is better. Shipment of gold dust to the amount of $250,000 had been made since the 1st of March. Two thousand miners were at work in the Canal country, doing well. Some fifteen hundred others were engaged in prospecting. Provisions were enormously high. Governor Douglass had replied favorably to a petition for the establishment of a mint at Victoria, promising to urge upon her Majesty's Government the expediency of the measure.

TESTIMONIAL TO PAUL MORPHY.

The presentation of a testimonial by the New York Chess Club to Paul Morphy took place last week in the large hall of the University. The audience in attendance was numerous and brilliant, the room being crowded in every part. Colonel C. D. Mead, President of the Club, introduced the ceremonies with a few words. John Van Buren, Esq., followed, presenting the chess-board and men to Mr. Morphy. Mr. M. made a brief and exceedingly appropriate response.

PERSONAL.

At the New Jersey Episcopal Convention, held at Burlington, on 27th May, Rev. Dr. Odenheimer was elected Bishop, in room of the late Bishop Doane.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR.

THE AFFAIR AT FRASSINETTO.

THERE has been no battle yet.

The operations of the Austrians near Frassinetto are officially described by the Sardinians as follows: "After some insignificant encounters of cavalry during the first days of the war, and in which our troops retarded the enemy's march, we have now to mention facts of greater importance. On the 3d of May, about twenty minutes past 4 P.M., the enemy, in considerable force, reconnoitred the left bank of the Po, opposite Frassinetto, with an attempt to cross over to the right bank. The enemy's forces were drawn up near Terranova, protected by the dam of the river, whence they opened a heavy fire of musketry and rockets against our advanced posts. The troops of the 17th regiment, with the 17th battery, which were stationed there for the defense of that point, bore the enemy's fire with intrepidity. Major-General Chevalier Cialdini, hearing the cannonade, hastened out of Casale with the 15th regiment of infantry, two squadrons of the Monferrato light cavalry, and the 3d field battery, to the assistance of the troops in order to drive the enemy back from the river, had he succeeded in crossing; but before his arrival there, after nightfall, the enemy ceased firing and retired. During the night, at about half past one, the enemy attempted to construct two pontoon bridges opposite Frassinetto, but being harassed by a brisk fire from our batteries, he renounced his project, and again retired about 8 A.M. The reconnoissances made by the troops of Casale after the engagement showed that the enemy had abandoned Balzola, and subsequently Terranova and Villanova. We have to deplore the loss of six killed and twenty-seven wounded, all privates and non-commissioned officers."

DEPARTURE OF THE EMPEROR FOR THE WAR.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Herald* says, May 11: "Such a scene as that which took place yesterday afternoon on the occasion of the Emperor's departure the present generation of Parisians has never witnessed. The crowds, the cheering, the patriotic songs, broken by repeated cries of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' all gave the most effectual contradiction to the reports of the war being unpopular with the bulk of the people. As for the middle classes—*c'est une autre chose;* but the lower order, who after all form the great mass of the people, appeared to have taken this opportunity to express their sympathy for the Emperor and the cause which he professes to defend. All progress along the Rue de Rivoli, down which the cortége moved at a slow pace, was impossible. The crowd along the foot-path was wedged so closely together that women had to be extricated in a fainting state. The windows of the tall houses in the Rue de Rivoli, and the very roofs were black with human beings The Emperor was seated in an open carriage with the Empress—the usual escort of Cent Gardes following and preceding. As it moved out of the gates of the Carrousel there was a roar of voices, hats were tossed aloft in the air, handkerchiefs were waved and women cried. The Emperor looked surprised at the unusual warmth of his reception, and well he might. There was no display of troops. By the time the cortége had arrived at the Hôtel de Ville this continued and unexpected ovation had produced the effect which such an imposing manifestation must produce upon the most inflexible. The Emperor ordered his Guards to move out of the way, and the carriage was almost instantly hemmed round by the enthusiastic crowd. I am told by an eye-witness that the stern, unbending features of Louis Napoleon were quivering with emotion, while the Empress was weeping without attempt at concealment. He put his hands out of the carriage, and it was a sight indeed to see these rough *ouvriers*—these barricade-makers of the Rue St. Antoine—bending over and kissing them, and shouting, '*Vive l'Empereur!*' When the cortége resumed its march, a band of workmen stood between the Imperial carriage and the Cent Gardes, and preceded it all the rest of the way, singing the 'Chant du Départ,' and even the 'Marseillaise,' to the sounds of which, with '*Vive l'Empereur!*' for a burden, the Imperial party alighted, and Napoleon III. set forth on his journey to the Army of Italy."

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The New York *Herald* correspondent writes: "It was about half past five o'clock that the Emperor, attired in the undress of a general officer, wearing on his head a small Repi, in place of the usual cocked hat and plume, appeared, accompanied by the Empress. A small escort of the Cent Gardet preceded and followed him. At first all was silence, as slowly the carriage and four moved down that noble street. The arcades contained a living mass of gazers. Gradually the simple cortége drew near toward the Palais Royal, in the Place of which was drawn up a dense crowd of citizens, and now the air was rent as by a shock of thunder. Simultaneously all mouths were opened, all tongues had but one theme. '*Vive Napoleon!*' '*Vive l'Imperatrice!*' '*Vive le Liberator d'Italie!*' broke out in hoarse sounds from above, below, and on all sides. The windows, balconies, and door-ways were all waving with hats, handkerchiefs, and every insignia of sympathy, and whenever it arose the Empress raised her kerchief to her eyes and sometimes buried her face in her hands, as if overcome by irrepressible emotion. The people, rushing from their barriers, threw themselves in the middle of the road; and it was only by the prayers of the Emperor that they would do nothing to delay his departure to meet the enemy, who was expecting him, that they were prevented from dragging the carriage themselves. Napoleon, as he gave orders to quicken the pace as he approached toward the ancient site of the Bastile, was evidently profoundly moved. On alighting at the station, where the troops and National Guard were assembled to receive him, tears rolled down his cheeks. It was indeed a day to be remembered! For once, all meaner passions seemed to be forgotten."

ARRIVAL AT GENOA.

We read in the Paris *Moniteur*, May 13:

"GENOA, *May* 12—4.55 P.M

"The Emperor arrived at Genoa at 2 P.M. No words can express the welcome given to his Majesty by all classes of the population. The port and roadstead to a great distance were covered with vessels and boats decked with flags. Ladies in elegant toilets strewed flowers on the passage of the royal barge which conveyed the Emperor, the Prince de Carignano, and their staffs.

"His Majesty, when he alighted at the royal palace, immediately received the civil and military authorities. The bearers of the medal of St. Helena were then admitted. These veterans were drawn up in the gardens of the palace, where the Emperor conversed with many of them, and received the petitions presented to him. The streets leading to the palace were filled by an immense crowd."

NAPOLEON'S FIRST ORDER OF THE DAY.

"Soldiers, I come to place myself at your head, to conduct you to the combat. We are about to second the struggles of a people now vindicating their independence, and to rescue them from foreign oppression. This is a sacred cause, which has the sympathies of the civilized world.

"I need not stimulate your ardor. Every step will remind you of a victory. In the Via Sacra of ancient Rome inscriptions were engraved upon the marble, reminding the people of their exalted deeds. It is the same to-day. In passing Mondove, Marengo, Lodi, you will, in the midst of those glorious recollections, be marching in another Via Sacra. Preserve that strict discipline which is the honor of the army. Here—forget it not—there are no other enemies than those who fight against you in battle. Remain compact, and abandon not your ranks to hasten forward. Beware of too great enthusiasm, which is the only thing I fear. The new *arms de precision* are dangerous only at a distance. They will not prevent the bayonet from being what it has hitherto been—the terrible weapon of the French infantry.

"Soldiers! Let us all do our duty, and put our confidence in God. Our country expects much from you. From one end of France to the other the following words of happy augury re-echo: 'The new army of Italy will be worthy of her elder sister.' NAPOLEON.

"Given at Genoa, May 12, 1859"

HIS CAMP TENT.

The New York *Times* correspondent writes: "The camp tent of the Emperor Napoleon, which preceded him to Italy, was made by Alexis Godilot, and is in white and blue striped tent-cloth, doubled. Its height is about fifteen feet. The interior is divided into three compartments—a saloon, bedroom, and dressing-room. Doors in the cloth permit a passage from one room to the other, and windows are pierced for ventilation. An iron bed, folding seats, and three small tables—one for the toilet—compose the furniture for the Imperial residence. The tent is remarkable for its perfect finish, the facility with which it can be put up and taken down, and its general adaptation to the purpose for which it was destined. It was made five years ago, for the war in the Crimea, and started on its journey as far as Marseilles, but the Emperor changed his mind then, and the tent has lain ever since in the flag-room of the Tuileries. But what is curious, the iron bed now in this tent, the toilet furniture and the table service in silver belonged to the first Emperor, and accompanied him in nearly all his campaigns; and as these campaigns were so many victories, Louis Napoleon is going to throw himself upon the destiny of these victorious wash-basins and saucepans. He hopes, on the fields of Marengo and Lodi, to sleep upon, and draw inspiration from, the same bed on which dreamed and schemed his great uncle, and on which he planned the great battles that have made the name of Bonaparte so illustrious. As a superstition there are more absurd ones than this of Louis Napoleon!"

THE REGENCY.

The *Moniteur* of May 10 contains the following: "The Emperor, having the intention of placing himself at the head of the army of Italy, has resolved upon conferring the title of Regent upon the Empress. The Empress, says his Majesty, will exercise the functions of Regent during our absence, in conformity with our orders and instructions, which will be transcribed into the great book of the State. The Prince Jerome, the Presidents of the great body of the State, the members of the Privy Council, and the Ministers will take cognizance of these orders and instructions, and the Empress will not be able to depart from their tenor in fulfilling the duties of the Regency. The Empress will not be able to proclaim any other *senatus consultum* than those now actually existing. The Empress will take the advice of the Prince Jerome on the resolutions and decrees which will be submitted to her."

PRAYERS FOR THE ARMY.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, in communicating to his clergy the circular of the Minister of Instruction relative to public prayers for the success of the French arms, has addressed to them a pastoral letter, which concludes in these words: "Amidst the grave circumstances in which France is placed, the first thought of the clergy is to turn toward God, who holds in His hands the hearts of kings, and who raises or casts down empires as He pleases. War, whatever may be the degree of glory to which it may raise a nation, is always a great scourge. We can not regard the misfortunes it occasions without praying Divine Providence to abridge and put an end to them. Accordingly, dear brethren, we shall extend toward Heaven our supplicating hands, to implore its succor and to obtain a prompt and honorable peace; and we shall repeat these words of the Minister of Public Instruction—'May God protect France and the Emperor!'

GYULAI TO THE ITALIANS.

The following has been published as the text of a proclamation addressed by General Gyulai to the inhabitants of Piacenza: "A provost-marshal's court is organized, and only applies one punishment—that of death. The following are considered crimes incurring that penalty: 1. High treason, or any act tending to forcibly change the system of the empire of Austria and of the Duchies, or to attract or increase any danger rom abroad against the said States. 2. The concealment of arms or ammunition of any kind. The public are particularly reminded that the punishment of death will be inflicted on any one, whatever his condition may be, or however irreproachable his previous conduct may have been, who shall be found in possession of arms or ammunition, either on his own person or in his house, or in any place to which he may be supposed to have access. 3. Taking part in assemblages, whether armed or unarmed. 4. Illegal enlistment, acting as spy, seducing soldiers, whether they belong to the Austrian or allied troops, and generally all that may occasion disadvantage to Austrians and advantage to the enemy. 5. Armed resistance or any aggression against sentinels or patrols, and the slightest violence against any Austrian or allied soldier. A warning is also given that the sentinels and patrols will not only have a right, but are ordered, to use their arms against any one who shall not yield at their first summons."

CRUELTIES OF THE AUSTRIANS.

The Turin correspondent of the *Morning Herald* says: "The Austrians have, it seems, behaved with great cruelty since their invasion. The General levies a certain sum of money in every village through which the army passes, besides a certain number of rations, blankets, carts, etc. Independently of this, the soldiers are allowed to help themselves to what they please—wine-casks are smashed, costly furniture is used as fire-wood, crockery is shivered, the men able to bear arms are seized upon and sent handcuffed to Lombardy; and as to the fate of the women, in the hands of a wild and infuriated soldiery, I leave you to imagine. Here, in Turin, the greatest indignation prevails in consequence of these atrocities. In the *cafés*, and all places of public resort, the outcry against the Austrians is unanimous, and, I fear, but too well deserved. Reprisals are loudly clamored for, such as the bombardment of Trieste, and the shooting of prisoners. It is said that the King sent an envoy, under a flag of truce, to the Austrian head-quarters, to request the General not to make war like a savage, but as a civilized being. A curt acknowledgment of the message was the only reply, stating the difficulty of restraining the common soldier, etc."

ATROCITIES AT TORTONA.

We read in the correspondence of the London *Post:* "The horrors committed by the hordes of savages under the command of General Gyulai are only to be equaled in the accounts of the invasion by Attila. At half past eight in the morning, or thereabout, a numerous band of Austrians, in dirty and torn attire, entered the city of Tortona, and took up their position in the castle. Other bodies followed, so that the town was soon overrun with these beings, more like wild beasts than men. Two superior officers called upon the municipal functionaries to demand food and forage to the amount of 50,000 rations, but their conduct was not unbecoming; on the contrary, they seemed tolerably polite, and even the behavior of the soldiers at first gave no cause to suspect that they secretly meditated plundering the town. Whatever our first hopes may have been, they were not destined to last long, for very shortly a company of Houlans issued from the castle, and dividing, spread through the town. An alarm spreading through the population, each shopkeeper hastened to secure his goods; but before they had even time to shut their shops and stores, bands of eight and ten soldiers presented themselves at different points in the city, some seizing upon all the goods they could arrive it, others preventing the tradesmen from closing their door by main force. At the same time the sergeants and corporals entered the shops, and by threats forced the owners to bring out all the best things they had for the soldiers to carry off. The first goods plundered were those of Madame Scotti, modiste, and of a merchant named Gallarati; after these came those of the silversmiths, then some provision stores and taverns. The general bakehouse was plundered also, and several hundred sacks of fine flour and wheat, besides a sum of money, were carried off, the stables were all robbed, and in every street you saw a Croat with an ox or a horse which he was leading off to the encampment, with a cool impudence which persuaded one that they never had followed any other trade than that of thieving. Meanwhile a certain number of them wended their way to the suburb of St. Bernardino, and entered the farm of Signor Stassano, who gave them as much food and drink as they wished for. In fact, the libations were so copious and frequent that at night they all returned in a state of intoxication, howling like demons, interspersing their howls with the epithet of 'porca Piemontesa' (as a welcome to any inhabitant they might meet), firing their muskets into the windows of the houses, and occasioning a general belief that the town would inevitably be set on fire. The citizens had no arms to resist, even had they been so disposed, and now have no food, and the place is cleaned out completely. The bishop was assessed at 30,000 francs, some say 35,000, for his share of the war contingent. In the suburbs of the town the same horrors took place; every house was sacked and plundered by these ferocious brutes, who are styled the 'defenders of public order, sustainers of our nationality and our religion.' Now that this band of savages has satisfied its appetite, it is leaving us. An order of recall has arrived from head-quarters, and they are going off."

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF TUSCANY.

The Provisional Government has inaugurated its legislative career by a decree abolishing the punishment of death, without distinction of offenses. By other decrees, the grand ducal ordinance of March 21, 1859, against the public press, is repealed; the two universities of Pisa and Siena are re-established.

NO MORE MADIAI CASES.

One of the first acts of the Provisional Government has been the issuing of a decree that will carry hope and joy into many an humble home, and spread confusion and dismay among the Jesuitical partisans of a bigoted and intolerant oppression. "The Provisional Government," a proclamation of Saturday announces, "has decreed and decrees that there be restored to full authority the 2d and 11th articles of the charter of 15th February, 1848, thus drawn up: Article 2. 'All Tuscans, whatever religious belief they may profess, are equal in face of the law, contribute without distinction to the burdens of the State in proportion to their property, and are all equally admissible to civil and military employments.' 'Article 11th. The laws of military enlistment are obligatory on all the citizens.'"

SYMPATHY WITH PIEDMONT.

A corps of observation has been stationed at Le Filagare, a frontier town on the Bologna road, and bodies of infantry and artillery have been detached to Massa and Carrara, General Ulloa himself having proceeded thither to take certain military precautions. The following is the proclamation issued by him on assuming the command of the Tuscan army:

"Tuscan soldiers!—You can not remain passive spectators when the cannon perhaps already roars in Italy against Austria. How can the brave men who fought at Curtatone not obey the appeal of the heroes of Pastrengo, Goito, and Tchernay? Tuscan soldiers, hasten to swell the army of the brave and loyal Victor Emanuel; it is no longer the army of Piedmont—it is the army of Italy. Join the Piedmontese and the sons of generous France under the tricolor, the banner we unfurl to sustain the struggle for our common independence. Let us all join, from the Alps to both seas; in serried ranks we shall be strong and invincible. Discipline, courage, and constancy, and the God of victory will stand by us. On, therefore! Italy forever!"

EXCITEMENT AT PISA.

The Daily *News* correspondent writes: "When the Grand Duke left Florence, great was the joy of the Toscana; and down by the next train from every city came immense banners, which were erected upon bridge, church, or tower, according to choice. Here in Pisa the tricolor is hoisted in the middle of the bridge, and every one goes about with tricolors all over them.

The Pisans actually woke up—poor people!—when the news arrived that the flag was coming down. They waited and waited on the burning bridge—in the flaming sun, with many false alarms and much patience, till on the arid railway they saw the train streaming down with the great tricolor flag waving in the wind. Then they began dancing with impatience on the platform; and then, with a shout, took the banner and rushed on to the middle of the bridge with it. Then such a shout! The people cry, howl, laugh, and dance as they crowd round their tricolor—and kiss it, and hug it! and old memories of the '48—and of the dead heroes—and the blood of Novara, Caponova, and all their battle-fields—with the dead saints, who are gone but not forgotten—rise in the air and float about with the dust, and steam, and garlic, as they—with much panting, pushing, and heaving—hoist up the tricolor, and it floats in the wind; and then they rush about like mad creatures up and down the bridge, and scream '*Viva Italia e la liberta!*' Now they have subsided, and are cool and collected, and, in fact, behave with perfect calmness and good sense."

RISING AT MESSINA.

A telegraphic dispatch from Messina gives an account of an engagement, or rather affray, between a regiment of Swiss and a body of ninety-six volunteers about to embark for Piedmont on board a Genoese brig. The latter, before leaving, gave way to some patriotic songs, and cries of "Viva il Piedmont!" "Viva l'Italia!" whereupon the Swiss charged them, killing nine; but in the *melée*, twelve Swiss were killed or mortally wounded.

Four hundred arrests have taken place in Palermo.

THE ITALIAN FEELING ON THE STAGE.

A story is told of a *danseuse* who lately danced on the stage of a theatre in an Italian town garrisoned by Austrian troops, dressed in the three colors which constitute the Sardinian flag—green, red, and white. The police issued an order to the director that such a scandal must not be repeated in his theatre. The next night the patriotic *danseuse*, determined not to be outwitted by the police, wore a yellow cap, a green skirt, and a white bodice; but as she appeared on the stage a friend threw her a bouquet of roses, and placing these on her breast, to cover the white, the three colors of the Sardinian flag were united.

BRITISH PROCLAMATION OF NEUTRALITY.

The following proclamation has been published by authority:

"*Whereas*, a state of war now exists between his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Austria on the one part, and his Majesty the King of Sardinia and his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of the French on the other part, and between their respective subjects, and others inhabiting within their countries, territories, or dominions;

"And *whereas*, we are on terms of friendship and amicable intercourse with all and each of these sovereigns, and with their several subjects, and others inhabiting within their countries, territories, or dominions;

"And *whereas*, great numbers of our loyal subjects reside and carry on commerce, and possess property and establishments, and enjoy various rights and privileges within the dominions of each of the aforesaid sovereigns, protected by the faith of treaties between us and each of the aforesaid sovereigns;

"And *whereas* we, being desirous of preserving to our subjects the blessings of peace, which they now happily enjoy, are firmly purposed and determined to abstain altogether from taking any part, directly or indirectly, in the war now unhappily existing between the said sovereigns, their subjects, and territories, and to remain at peace with, and to maintain a peaceful and friendly intercourse with, all and with each of them, and their respective subjects, and others inhabiting within any of their countries, territories, and dominions, and to maintain a strict and impartial neutrality in the said hostilities and war, unhappily existing between them;

"We, therefore, have thought fit, by and with the advice of our Privy Council, to issue this our Royal proclamation.

"And we do hereby strictly charge and command all our loving subjects to govern themselves accordingly, and to observe a strict neutrality in and during the aforesaid hostilities and war, and to abstain from violating or contravening either the laws and statutes of the realm in this behalf or the law of nations in relation thereto, as they will answer to the contrary at their peril."

THE LONDON TIMES ARRANGEMENTS.

The London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* states that the Earl of Aberdeen applied the other day by letter to the Emperor of Austria to sanction the presence of the *Times* correspondent at the Austrian head-quarters, and that this request has been granted. Mr. Blakesley, the gentleman who assumes this important duty, is an officer of the engineers. It is said that Lord Aberdeen did not scruple to remind his Imperial Majesty that the Austrians had suffered more than they might be willing to confess by their supineness in allowing French pens to monopolize modern military history. Dr. Russell, of the *Times*, goes to Sardinia to write the history of the war for that paper.

WAR ITEMS.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "A small movable printing-office accompanies the Emperor and the army of Italy. M. de St. Georges, the director of the Imperial printing-office, has selected three compositors, who will have to set up the first bulletins of the proceedings of French troops. The director-general of telegraphs has also chosen from his officials such men as he considers best qualified to accompany the Emperor. During the time his Majesty remains with the army his private Cabinet is to retain its present organization to transact business in Paris as heretofore. All petitions, as well as letters relative to private affairs, as to propositions of general interest, are to be addressed to the Emperor, therefore, at Paris, and not to his head-quarters."

A detachment of 180 of the Cent Guards accompany the Emperor to Italy. Their picturesque and soldierly appearance, even in their undress, with their raven black horses, on the evening of their departure to Toulon, attracted general admiration. The Emperor's riding horses, etc., sent forward exceeded 200 in number.

A telegram dated Turin, Friday, May 13, says: "Advices from Genoa state that the town and port of that place were yesterday evening illuminated. The Emperor, accompanied by Prince Napoleon and the Prince de Carignano, attended the performances at the theatre, and met with a most enthusiastic reception. The King of Sardinia went to Genoa this morning to visit the Emperor, and returned again to head-quarters at 9.30 A.M."

At Genoa the citizens willingly met the French soldiers, and the coffee-house keepers often refused payment. A Chasseur de Vincennes, in offering his money for a glass of *eau de vie*, was requested to keep it and make his reckoning straight over the body of a dead Austrian. "Kill you an Austrian, you mean?" said the Chasseur—"Ay, ay, to be sure; only give me another glass, and I will kill you two."

Marshal Randon, the new Minister of War, was a sergeant in 1812, and gained his epaulet as sub-lieutenant at the battle of Moskowa. Marshal Vaillant, who accompanies Napoleon to the field, and was Randon's predecessor, succeeded St. Arnaud in that department on the 14th of March, 1854.

A dispatch from Marseilles, dated on the 12th of May, says: "Yesterday a sanguinary conflict took place between the French and Austrians residing here."

A telegram from Frankfort-on-the-Main, dated May 13, says: "In an extraordinary sitting of the Federal Diet to-day the proposition of the Military Commission to put the garrisons of the Federal fortresses on a war footing was agreed to."

A telegram from Vienna, dated Friday evening, May 13, says:

"Count Buol quitted office at 11 this morning."

A telegram from Berlin, dated May 13, says:

"In to-day's sitting of the Upper House the money supplies demanded by government were unanimously voted, with many expressions of confidence. *All the speakers were anti-Napoleonic, and in favor of German nationality.*"

The number of voluntary enlistments in Paris alone amounts already to 30,000.

FRANCE.

AN AMERICAN GATHERING.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "In the way of general news I ought to mention that the entire American colony in Paris was assembled last evening at the Grand Hôtel du Louvre, at a concert given by Madame Guerrabella Ward, of New York. Madame W. was assisted by Madames Ristori and Frezzolini, and by Messrs. Corsi, Sighicelli, and Giusti. Among the persons present were the American Minister and family, the Consul and family: and among your *confrères* of the press, Mr. Bigelow and family, of the *Evening Post*, Mr. James Brooks and family, of the *Express*, Colonel Fuller, formerly of the *Mirror*, Mrs. Estelle Lewis, author of a book of poems, and Mr. G. F. Train, author of *Spread-Eagleism*, were also of the audience."

GERMANY.

BURIAL OF HUMBOLDT.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "The funeral of Alexander von Humboldt took place yesterday morning, with all the solemnity due to the obsequies of so illustrious a man. The procession moved from his modest dwelling in the Oraveinburg strasse, which such of your readers as have passed through Berlin will undoubtedly recollect, along the Friedrichs strasse and the Lindus to the Dome or Cathedral, the burial-place of the kings of Prussia. The coffin was followed by the nephews and great-nephews of the deceased, the Ministers of State, and the *corps diplomatique*, immediately after whom came the Americans resident in Berlin—about twenty in number—to whom the post of honor was assigned, and who appeared in deep mourning, with black scarfs round their arms. They were succeeded by deputations from both the Houses of the Legislature, the Academies of Sciences and of Arts, the University, the Schools, the Municipal Council of Berlin, and numerous other corporations and societies, and a dense crowd of spectators lined the streets through which they passed. The shops were closed and all business suspended, the whole population joining in this tribute of respect to the greatest man their city has ever produced. At the cathedral the *cortége* was received by the Prince Regent and several other members of the royal family, and by the Superintendent General, Dr. Hoffman, who read the funeral service in a highly impressive manner; and after singing the famous German hymn, 'Jesus, my trust,' the swelling tones of which rose grandly through the air from the lips of assembled thousands, the immense multitude dispersed in profound silence, and with countenances full of serious and sober thought, to their respective habitations. In the evening the remains of the illustrious dead were conveyed to his family seat at Tegel, about four miles from this city, where they will repose by the side of his brother William, and where future ages will no doubt witness many a pious pilgrimage to the tomb of one whose name will not die until science itself is no more."

ITALY.

THE KING OF NAPLES SURVEYING HIS OWN CORPSE.

A Naples letter of the 3d instant says: "The King is somewhat worse; the discharge from the wound is of a bad nature, indicating (the medical attendants say) a gradual impoverishment of the blood, due to the exhaustion of the long continued hectic fever, which increases in intensity. A very true but savagely cruel comment was made by one of the Liberals, in a conversation the other day, on the King's state. 'The Almighty,' says this man, 'has inflicted on Ferdinand the greatest punishment for his cruelty to others that can be all mortal—namely, that of surveying his own corpse.' And such, indeed, depicts his condition; the head is sound, the intelligence as acute as ever, but the whole body a mass of decomposition. He has now been informed of all the great political news of the last few weeks, and expressed little astonishment and no apparent emotion or sorrow. He is reported to have answered that kingdoms and governments, like individuals, are made to pay for ingratitude, and that now Austria's turn is come. The crisis at Florence was what affected him most. The Grand Duchess is his favorite sister; but the ties of blood in this family are not very close, and the more probable explanation is, that the disasters at our own gate are ever wont to touch us more than those which occur at a distance, from the apprehension of the contagion of misfortune. His Majesty has requested that nothing might be kept from him; and the tenor of the dispatches which so frequently arrive is communicated to him after having been previously submitted to the Queen."

THE SEAT OF WAR—ALESSANDRIA AND TURIN.

We give in this Number several splendid illustrations of the War in Europe—to wit, two pictures of the French Army in Italy, on page 356; an engraving of Austrian officers in a café at Milan, and of the Sardinian troops, on page 364; finally, on these pages, the accompanying views of the port of Alessandria, and the city of Turin, the capital of the kingdom of Sardinia. We take this opportunity of referring those who wish to see pictures of Genoa and Milan to No. 112 of this journal, in which we published elaborate engravings of those cities.

As compared with other Italian cities, Turin looks modern. Its streets are straight, and many are wide. The houses are built according to modern architectural rule. Few medieval edifices recall antiquity to the mind of the spectator; and of Roman remains there are comparatively none at all. Yet Turin has its history. It had the honor of being the first Italian city which opposed an obstinate resistance to Hannibal. It was the scene of many a severe conflict in the old wars between Romans and Gauls. It was taken and destroyed by Constantine. It figured largely in the baronial strifes of the Dark Ages. It was captured and sacked by Francis the First of France.

Of late years its chronicle has been more peaceful. For three hundred years it has been the aim of its masters to render it a beautiful and a prosperous city; and, with the exception of the period of the French domination, those efforts have been crowned with uniform success. Turin now contains more comfortable residences than perhaps any other Italian city. It has fine churches too, a splendid royal palace, a library, museum, and many other noble buildings. Its environs are lovely; no part of Italy contains more picturesque villas than those which adorn the *Superga*. The Po flows through the city, and receives in the suburbs a fine mountain torrent.

The population of Turin is about 150,000 souls. The most active business of the place is the silk manufacture, which affords employment to many thousands of persons.

The city is unfortified. There was an old citadel once; but the late King, with a wise appreciation of the progress of the age, pulled it down to make room for a railway station.

Alessandria is a town of some 40,000 inhabitants with the suburbs. It stands on the border of the Tanaro, which is represented in the engraving.

Alessandria is the most conspicuous monument extant of the old Guelf and Ghibelline wars. When the cities of Italy banded themselves together in a league against the Emperor, in 1164, Pavia and the Duchy of Montferrat stood out against them. To overawe them, the cities built a fortress adjoining, on one side, the Montferrat territory, on another, the country depending on Pavia: and to this fortress the name of Alessandria was given, in compliment to the Pope Alexander the Third, the Protector of the Guelfs. Milan, Padua, Cremona, Genoa, and other Italian cities sent workmen to build and soldiers to defend the new fortress; so skillfully was the ground chosen, and so bravely did its garrison hold their posts, that, after a long siege, the Emperor who attacked it was compelled to retreat.

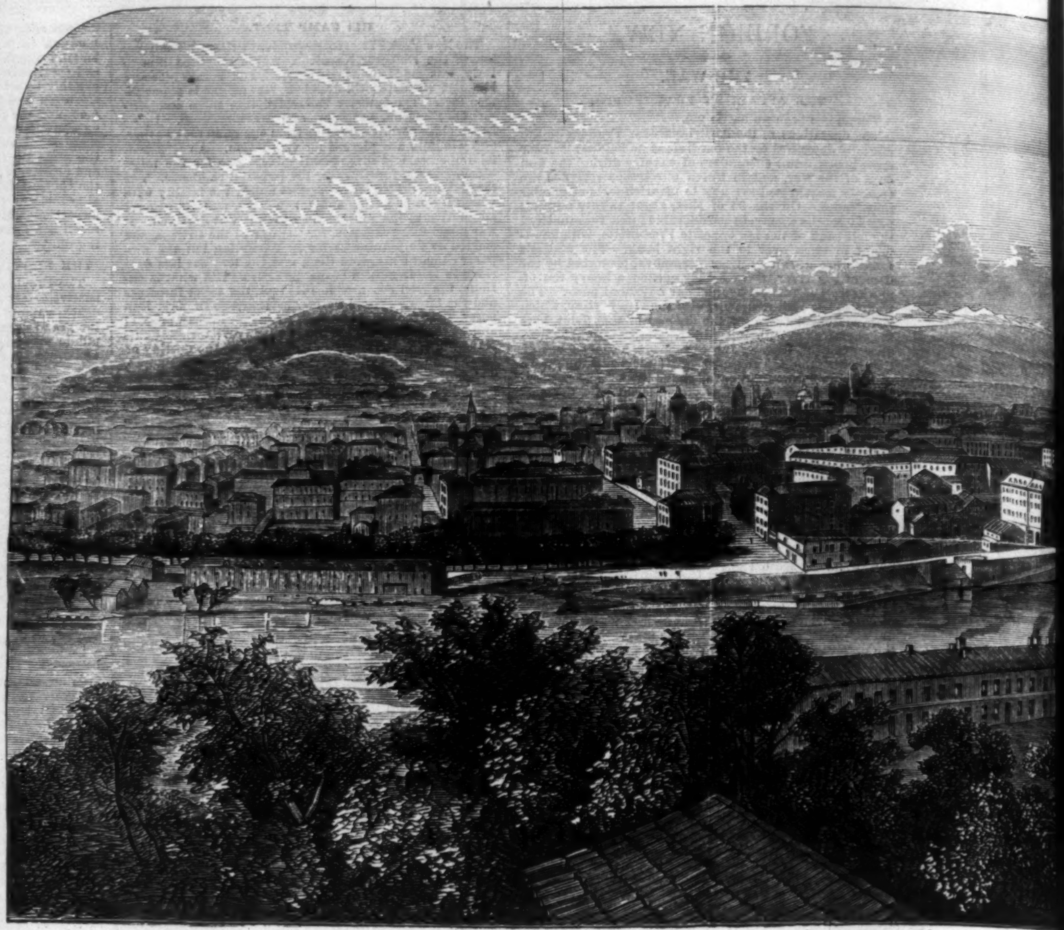
Alessandria has since become a most important place. Two fairs are held there every year, and the amount of business done is very considerable. Since the present war became imminent large sums have been spent in fortifying Alessandria. The most eminent foreign engineers—among others the famous General Todtleben, of Russia—have given the Sardinians the benefit of their counsels in the construction of the works; there is no doubt that they are as strong as modern art can make them. Nature has done much for the defense of Alessandria. A little labor causes the Tanaro to overflow its borders and submerge the neighboring country; thus, in case of need, opposing an impassable barrier to an invading army.

Marengo, the famous battle-field in the old Napoleonic war in Italy, is within sight of Alessandria.

A few remarks about the hostile armies, which, in all probability, have by this time met on the battle-field, will not be out of place.

At the present time the Austrian army is said to consist of about 600,000 men, of whom about 460,000 are infantry, 60,000 cavalry, 70,000 artillery, and 15,000 engineers and sappers. Of these it is estimated that two-thirds could be brought into the field during the present summer, constituting an army equal in numbers, and superior in discipline, equipment, and general efficiency to that with which Napoleon set out for the conquest of Russia forty-seven years ago.

The army of Austria has always been an object of incessant watchfulness on the part of the Government. Wielding a despotic sway over a widely extended empire, peopled by races various and usually hostile to each other, the Austrian emperors have owed the preservation of their throne to the army, and have never lost sight of the obligation. Though the pay is small, especially for the grades between second-lieutenant and general, the honor of being an officer in the army is deemed



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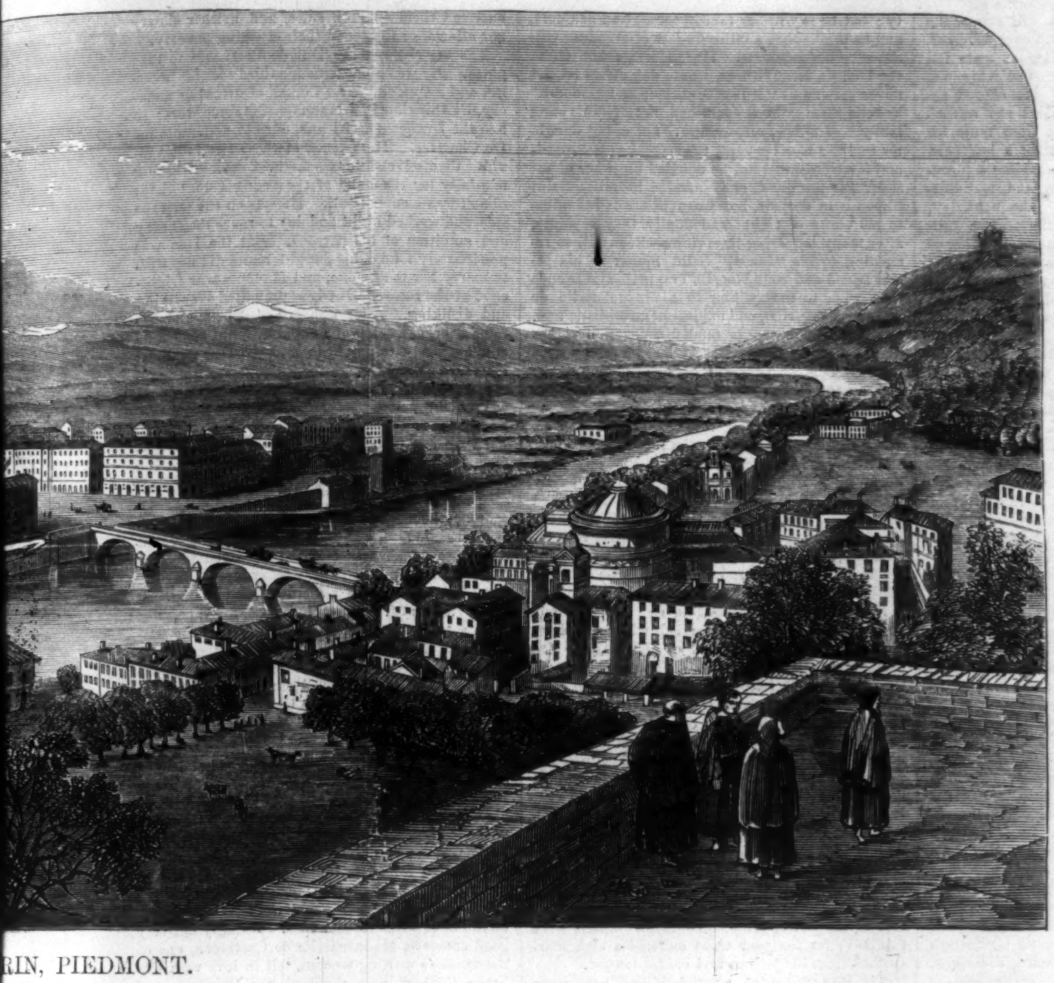


RIN, PIEDMONT.

considerable; and it is quite possible for an Austrian officer to live comfortably even on his meagre pay. He has no mess bills to discharge; he dines where and how he pleases; he associates almost exclusively with his comrades at the military café; if he evince military genius, preferment is certain. *He is taught to look upon war and plunder as the natural complement of his small stipend.* As the French opera song says:

"Dans le service de l'Autriche
Le militaire n'est pas riche;
Chacun sait ça;
Mais si sa paie est trop legère,
Il s'en console, car c'est la guerre
Qui l'en paira!"

Though a poor man, he enjoys in the army the society of men richer and probably better born than himself. He meets the highest nobility on a footing of equality, using the familiar "thou" to all comrades.

It is well known that the army of Austria is composed of various races. The principal peoples which are represented in its ranks are the Germans from Austria proper and the neighborhood; the Hungarians; the Poles; the Sclavons, including the Croats; the Wallachs; the Italians, and the Tyrolese. All of these races live under Austrian dominion, and are liable to conscription. Every year a certain number of the youth of the empire draw by lot for the painful honor of serving the Emperor; the unlucky ones who draw the fatal prize must serve eight years, if they are not able to pay $400 for a substitute.—Astute policy dictates the immediate transfer of each body of recruits from its home to the furthest part of the empire. The Hungarians and Sclavons are sent to serve in Italy; the Italians mount guard in Poland; the Germans do duty in Croatia, and so on. By this means the soldier may be relied upon to do his duty in suppressing insurrections; he has no kindred feelings with the people among whom he is quartered; they are foreigners to him; he does not speak their tongue, and often has a hereditary prejudice against them. This policy is so thoroughly carried out that each body of troops is removed every few months from garrison to garrison, lest, by chance, ties of marriage or friendship should be contracted between them and the residents of the town.

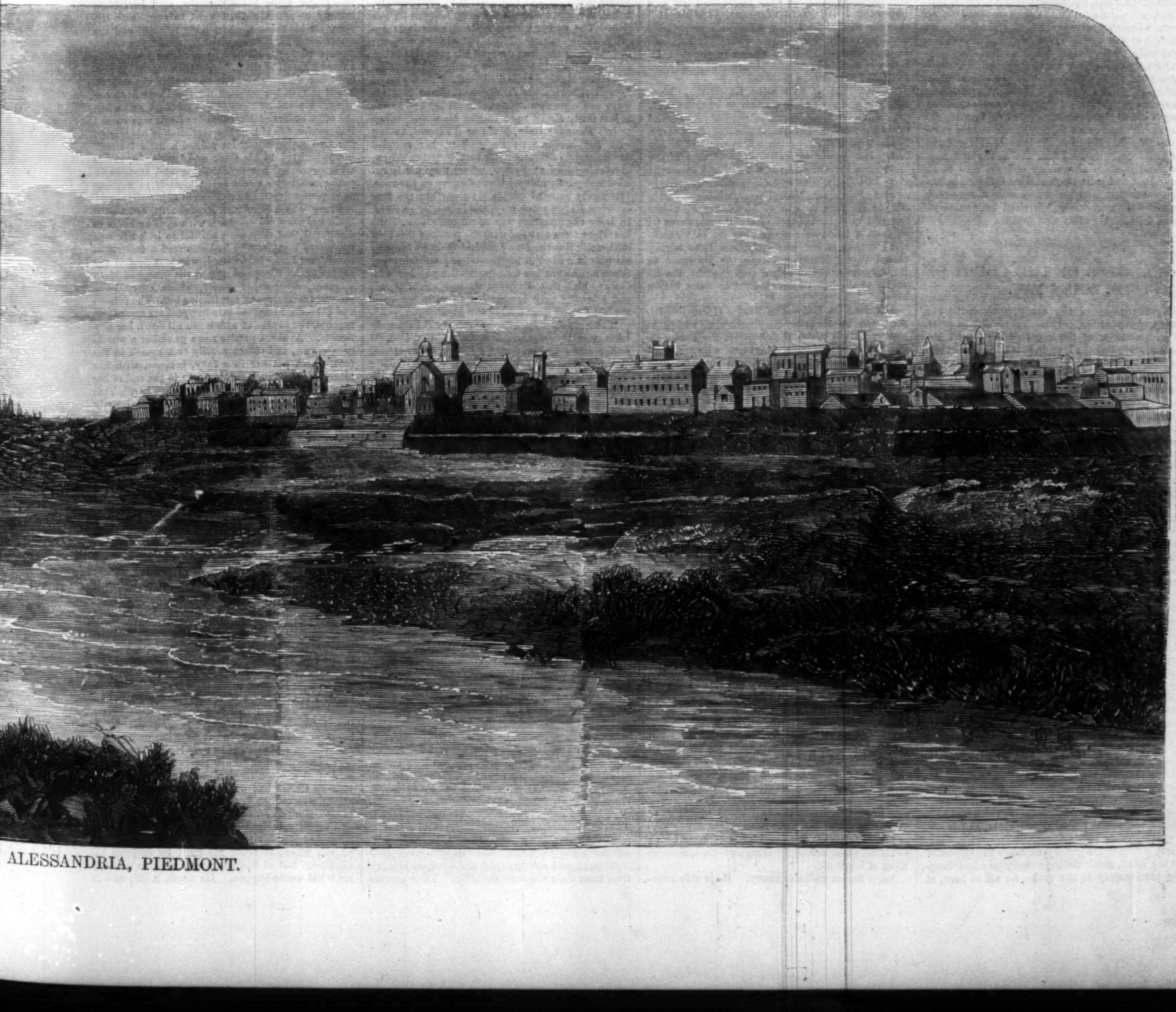
The heterogeneous composition of the Austrian army has its disadvantages. At least a dozen languages are spoken by the soldiers; and as the word of command is always given in German, both officers and soldiers sometimes take some time to learn even this much of the military tongue. In the field the soldiers' ignorance of the language of their superior officer often causes great inconvenience. Again, the very prejudices of race which the Austrian Government fosters for the purpose of keeping down revolutionary movements interferes with the harmonious action of the army. The Italians hate the Germans; between the Germans and Hungarians a deadly feud exists; the Poles hate all the southern races. In 1848, this want of unity of feeling produced great dangers; that it will do so again in this war is confidently anticipated.

Though as a general rule cavalry, artillery, and infantry are raised indiscriminately from all these races, some branches of the army have their special recruiting dépôts. The lancers are mostly Poles. The hussars are Hungarians. It is in the Tyrol that the best riflemen, in which arm the Austrian army is very strong, are found. The best infantry and the best heavy dragoons are Germans.

As an army, competent critics pronounce that of Austria very efficient. The men are well armed, and tremendously drilled. The firing is generally good, and the physical strength of the soldier nursed by constant exercise. The rifle corps is especially commended. Generally speaking, the officers know their duties and perform them well. By recent regulations, a cadet must, before obtaining a commission, pass an examination of some severity. Promotion afterward goes by seniority and interest. Thus most of the Austrian captains and field-officers are competent men. By a singular rule, however, each regiment is "owned" by some noble or government official, who is frequently able to obtain commissions for his dependents, and to secure their advancement before the proper time: thus a certain number of incapables are added to the army. It is not believed that they are numerous enough to leaven the whole lump.

The French artillery and cavalry are deservedly famous. The latter arm has acquired prodigious efficiency under the present Emperor, who is himself no mean gunner. The French are said to be bad riders and bad grooms. They kill more horses than men of the German armies. But in the field nothing can be more irresistible than the charge of their heavy cavalry—cuirassiers and carabineers—or more flashing than the pursuit of a flying enemy by their hussars and chasseurs à cheval. Competent authority pronounces these arms in the French service to be unsurpassed, if equaled, in any other service.

French infantry compare unfavorably in point of size and strength with Germans, Russians, or English; and in the field—even in the present day—strength is worth something. But what the French lack in muscle they make up in fortitude and endurance. It is said that the little thin Frenchmen who compose the regiments of the line



ALESSANDRIA, PIEDMONT.

will march further and fight longer—on the offensive—than the Germans or English. On the defensive they are probably inferior to both of these, being naturally mercurial, and prone, under adverse circumstances, to give way to despondency. But in sudden marches, in rapid evolutions in the field, as voltigeurs, skirmishers, and chasseurs, they are beyond praise. Their courage, of course, it were superfluous to assert: they are not only brave, but quick, intelligent, thoughtful, and well-disciplined. The German and Russian officers are reported to be of the opinion that the thicker the skull the better the soldier, as he will obey the more readily: the French pursue the opposite theory, and expect every soldier to be intelligent, and capable at need of taking his commander's place. It is quite common, we are told, at reviews for the commissioned officers of a French regiment to retire from the field, leaving the command to the sergeants, who, after putting the regiment through certain manœuvres, retire in their turn, leaving the command to the corporals.

The French soldier showed at Sebastopol how able he was to shift for himself, and to make himself comfortable in the midst of privations. He cooked, he made his tent snug, he protected himself against the cold in a manner that was incomprehensible to the Russians and British; and in the midst of the hardest trials his native gayety kept up his spirits. Light-heartedness and ambition are the ruling characteristics of the French soldier. If he desponds under the first shock of defeat, his natural elasticity soon restores his courage; and, in success, his ambition, which assures him that he only needs opportunity to become a general, leads him to dare any thing.

The French officers are masters of their trade. They are educated for it from their youth, and practice it assiduously during life. Very many of them rise from the ranks, and are the better able to do the duty of subalterns. Between the officers and French society proper there is little sympathy; the former are, if not openly, at least secretly, despised, and return the feeling. Among themselves there is much good fellowship; and no insuperable bar divides the private from the officer. In the Crimea they fraternized regardless of rank.

Something should be said here of the Zouaves, whose departure from Versailles is represented in one of the preceding engravings. The Zouaves were originally an Algerian corps, recruited from among the natives of Algiers, and commanded by French officers. Their daring and skill, on their native soil, won them considerable reputation; Lamoricière was their leader; and owes much of his fame to their exploits. Within the past four or five years the African element has been gradually disappearing among the Zouaves, and more Europeans have entered their ranks. At the present time, two-thirds of the Zouaves are Frenchmen, mostly from Paris, and many Germans, Poles, Italians, Greeks, and even Englishmen are found among them. Their costume is original, and not only attractive to the eye but admirably suited for practical wear in the field. Their duties—they generally act as skirmishers and on patrol, which enables them to do a good deal in the way of plundering—are more agreeable than those of heavy marching regiments. Discipline among the Zouaves is not so rigid as among other regiments; for the simple reason that they are such unruly daredevils that they laugh at the Provost Marshal and the Salle de Police. There are now about nine thousand of them altogether, and are said to be the boldest and most efficient light infantry in Europe. For daring exploits and outpost duty they are certainly unrivaled. We shall hear more of them, doubtless, as this war goes on.

ANECDOTES OF THE COURT OF LOUIS XIV.

AT the close of the seventeenth century a young, sharp-witted, pragmatical nobleman entered on his career at the court of the Grand Monarque. He was the Duc de Saint Simon, son of a favorite of Louis the Thirteenth, and the Samuel Pepys of his time. He made himself the chronicler and general portrait-painter of the court; thus bequeathing a gallery of likenesses, and a bead-roll of events, which graver history would not have preserved; but we can not say that they increase our respect for the boasted Augustan era of France.

One of Louis the Fourteenth's great desires was to provide brilliantly for his natural children. The only daughter of Mademoiselle de la Vallière he had married to the Prince de Conti. His eldest daughter, by Madame de Montespan, he had given to Louis de Bourbon, son of the Prince de Condé, grandson of the Great Condé, and, like the Prince de Conti, one of the Royal Princes of France. His second daughter, by the same mother, he now determined to marry to his nephew the young Duc de Chartres, son of Monsieur, his brother, and the future famous Regent Duc d'Orleans. The mother of the young De Chartres—a proud, rigid, and violent woman, holding in horror all unauthorized relations—received the proposition with fury. The young Duc, influenced by his tutor, the celebrated Cardinal Dubois, and awed by the terrifying majesty of the King, gave way, although he hated this projected marriage with Mademoiselle Dubois, as she was called, quite as much as his mother herself. But the King knew what a set of slaves he had to deal with, and cared nothing for private prejudices. One evening, therefore, all these personages were sent for to the King's private cabinet; the court on the tip-toe of expectation to know what was afoot. When they returned, the marriage was announced as a settled thing. Madame was furious, Monsieur was oppressed with shame, the young Duc was miserable, and Mademoiselle Dubois embarrassed and trembling. Madame strode in the gallery with her handkerchief in her hand, gesticulating vehemently and weeping passionately as she spoke, for all to hear, of the insult and wrong done to them. At supper she and her son ate nothing. The son's eyes were red, the father's downcast, while indignant tears fell hot and heavy from Madame's. The King was oppressively polite to Madame. He offered her every dish before him, all of which she refused with rudeness. When they rose from table his Majesty made the indignant mother a low bow, during which she performed so complete a pirouette, that the King, on raising his head, found nothing but her back before him. The next day, when the court was assembled in the gallery, waiting for the breaking up of the council, the Duc de Chartres went as usual to kiss his mother's hand; but she gave him such a sounding box on the ear that he was sent reeling backward. This was one of the courtly amenities of that age of bows and forms.

The household of the new Duchesse is next declared; and, to the scandal of all the right-minded—Saint Simon of the number—certain offices are created in it, hitherto reserved for the lawful daughters of France. That innovation was worse than a thousand regal crimes. The marriage day arrives. After a ball, a supper, and the midnight marriage ceremony, the young couple are conducted to their apartment, and there, in the midst of the full court, receive their respective night-garments by a fixed succession of hands; she, from the banished Queen of England (James the Second's Queen), he from Louis himself. And then the massive state bed—with its plumes and its gilded Cupids, its velvet hangings, laced sheets, and gold embroidered counterpane—is solemnly blessed by the Cardinal de Bouillon, who keeps them shivering in their scanty clothing a full quarter of an hour before he deigns to make his appearance. Then the courtly crowd bows and trips and minces back to the ball-room, there to dance minuets and branles until the morning.

The Princesse de Conti is in love with Clermont, a subaltern of the Guards. Monseigneur (his Majesty's son) is in love with La Choin, one of the Princesse's maids of honor, "a great, ugly, brown, thick-set girl." Clermont is De Luxembourg's creature, and De Luxembourg desires to govern Monseigneur. He therefore proposes to Clermont that he should abandon the princess and marry La Choin, by this time the acknowledged mistress of Monseigneur; whereby she, by her unlimited power over the future king, might make Clermont's fortune and further De Luxembourg's designs. But the King finds out the whole affair, and the bombshell bursts. Clermont has sent to La Choin all the love-letters written to him by the princess. That, together with those of the two plotters to each other (wherein Monseigneur is always called "our fat friend"), fall into the King's hands. His Majesty sends for La Conti; and, to cure her for the future of indulging in intrigues with men below her station, makes her read aloud both her own impassioned letters to Clermont, and his still warmer ones to La Choin, filled with every kind of ridicule and insolence against herself. La Conti is then dismissed with a severe reprimand; La Choin is banished; Clermont cashiered; but Monsieur de Luxembourg is let off.

To conclude at once with La Choin. Monseigneur was too deeply smitten to be thrown off the scent so easily. He discovers her retreat, and takes her to live with him at Meudon, publicly, à la Maintenon, whereby the whole court is at her feet. Her power is second only to that of the Maintenon herself. She is courted and caressed; gives herself airs of embryonic sovereignty; sits in an arm-chair before Monseigneur, while the Duchesse de Bourgogne, wife to Monseigneur's eldest son and heir-presumptive of the throne, dares sit only on a foot-stool; never rises for said Duchesse; speaks of her familiarly, and is so highly placed that "every one—even the Duchesse de Bourgogne—crawled before this creature, the favorite of the heir to the throne," as Saint Simon says.

Monsieur du Maine, the King's eldest illegitimate son by Madame de Montespan, wishes to marry. He is given the choice of the Prince de Condé's three miniature daughters, who are all so small that the prince, a tall and powerful man himself, used to say his race would soon dwindle down to nothing if it continued to decrease as it had done. An inch of height settles the question. Monsieur du Maine chooses the second daughter, and the eldest is so bitterly wounded at not being married before her sister, that she falls ill and dies.

The Duchesse of Hanover is sister to the Princesse de Condé. She wanted the illegitimate Du Maine for one of her own daughters, and quarrels with her sister for cutting the grass from under her feet. She is the wife of that same Hanoverian Duke who shut up his wife's lover in an oven. Monsieur du Maine was Louis' darling. He made him general of the forces then in action. He lost an engagement, drew back from a victory, acted like a poltroon, and became the jest of all France. When news of his disgrace and incapacity came to the King he said nothing, but was in so irritable a state that he caned a wretched footman who pocketed a biscuit while clearing the dessert, and broke his stick across his back. That evening, coming out from Madame de Maintenon's apartment, he met the Père la Chaise.

"My father," says the King, excitedly, and in a loud voice, "I have beaten a knave, and broken my cane across his shoulders; but I do not think I have offended Heaven." The whole court quailed before that august confession: it was Jove condescending to a mortal: and the father hastened to assure him that he had not offended Heaven.

The King's excessive enmity to the Prince of Orange was owing to his having offered him one of his daughters in marriage; when the prince returned for answer, that "the House of Orange was accustomed to marry the legitimate daughters of great kings, and not their bastards." Louis never forgave that blunt refusal, and nearly died from vexation when forced to recognize the prince as King of England.

Saint Simon will also marry. He is only twenty; but he is without family connection at Court, and he thinks that a father-in-law of standing will advance his interests. He addresses himself to the Duc de Beauvilliers, whose daughters he has never seen; but "it is of Monsieur and Madame," he tells them, "he is enamored, not of the young ladies." The Duc refuses him. The eldest daughter inclines to a convent, the second is deformed, and the third must not be married until her eldest sister has professed, or is married herself. Saint Simon is in despair, but Beauvilliers is inflexible to his views of right; and finally they separate, after many harassing interviews—Beauvilliers retreating to his "lands," Saint Simon to his secret friend and confidant, La Trappe. His friends then wish to marry him to a Mademoiselle de Royau, young, rich, and noble, but an orphan; and, as Saint Simon wants family connection rather than a wife, he declines. At last he settles with the Maréchal de Lorges, for his eldest daughter; and, on the eighth of April, sixteen hundred and ninety-five, they are married, at midnight, at the Hôtel de Lorges, after the usual state supper. The next day, after dinner, the bride goes to bed, and there receives her visitors. The day after they are at Court, where they are received by Madame de Maintenon and the King with marked distinction; and the day following, Madame de Saint Simon again goes to bed—this time, for convenience, in the ground-floor apartment of the Duchesse d'Arpajou, and there and thus receives the Court.

Shortly after this, Madame de Saint Simon's young sister of fifteen is married, without a dowry, to Monsieur de Lauzun, of sixty-three. De Lauzun thought that to marry the daughter of the Maréchal de Lorges would give him the command of an army; and De Lorges was so well pleased to get a daughter off his hands without paying for a husband with a dower that he made no scruple of such a husband as De Lauzun. The young bride received all her company in bed, as her sister had done; but on the wedding-night, De Lauzun caused great scandal by his obstinate rejection of the public disrobing. He would have no one with him but his valet, and he would be in his own private dressing-room. The Court was scandalized, and thought him very indelicate. He bore a very bad character, and every one predicted evil to his young bride. Those predictions were fulfilled; for the poor child suffered a slow martyrdom from his jealous and brutal temper.

The Duc of Mantua, a noted old profligate, came to Paris, intent on marrying the beautiful young widow, Madame de Lesdiguières; with whose portrait, set in a ring and worn by her husband, he had fallen desperately in love. Madame de Lesdiguières was in the first year of her widowhood, and had loved her husband. She pertinaciously rejected the match; though all her friends, Saint Simon of the number, urged her to marry this ugly, unhealthy, and infamous old man, because he was rich. The young widow refused, sometimes angrily, sometimes tearfully; but always refused; and, in time, the Duc dropped his suit. He then addressed himself to another young and beautiful reluctant, Mademoiselle d'Elbœuf, of the House of Lorraine; whom her family had thrust into his way, and who, notwithstanding all her tears, was at last fairly forced upon him as his wife. When he left Paris for Italy, Madame d'Elbœuf, taking with her Madame de Pompadour, her married daughter, and Mademoiselle herself, pursued him, overtaking him at Nevers, where they partly cajoled and partly obliged him to marry on the spot. The newly married couple then parted: the Duc entering Italy by one way, the ladies by another. In Italy the marriage was re-solemnized, and the Lorraines were satisfied with the result of this bold intrigue. But the Duc punished them by keeping his wife in a kind of imprisonment; suffering her to see no one but her women; walling-up her windows so high that she could not look out of them; and allowing only her mother to visit her—and she but for one hour during the day.

"The great, ugly, idle, mischievous" Prince de Léon was in despair. His father, the Duc de Rohan, had torn him from La Florence, an actress, and the mother of his children. The Duc de Rohan cared nothing for his son's despair. He was afraid that De Léon's infatuation would one day make La Florence the lawful Duchesse de Rohan, so parted the lovers effectively before the mischief of a marriage could be accomplished. To console him, he was promised the eldest daughter of the Duc de Roquelaure; ugly, humpbacked, but to be fabulously dowried. Negotiations began. Madame de Roquelaure was avaricious, and demanded impossible settlements. De Rohan refused them, and the young couple were frantic; he, lest he should lose his promised fortune; she, lest she should lose her promised husband, and so be left to wither in the convent where they had placed her. De Léon managed to see her in this convent, and they agreed to marry without paternal consent on either side. De Léon then set to work to deliver his princess. He procured a carriage exactly similar to that of a friend who often called to take Mademoiselle out for a drive. This he sent, one day, with a counterfeit letter—writing and seal both forged—asking permission of the Lady Superioress, from Madame de Vieuville, to take Mademoiselle for a drive. Permission granted, unhesitatingly; and Mademoiselle, aged twenty-four, entered the carriage with her governess. At the first turning, De Léon jumped in, gagged the screaming governess, and drove off to the country house of our father-in-law, De Lorges. There, a wandering and interdicted priest married them; they went through the usual ceremonies of public disrobing, etc., and, after two or three hours, drove back to the convent; when Mademoiselle de Roquelaure, going straight to the room of the Lady Superioress, told her minutely all that had happened. After much rage and despair, and frantic demands for lettres de cachet, and the like, the marriage ceremony was re-enacted, and the young couple—both ugly, and one humpbacked—reaped a sorry fruit from their romantic audacity. Their parents outlived them on both sides, and neither dowry nor allowance lightened their crushing poverty.

The marriage of the Duc de Berri was to take place. He was Monseigneur's third son, his favorite, and a "catch." La Condé, of drinking memory, by this time had marriageable daughters; so had the Duchesse d'Orleans, our old acquaintance De Chartres. The friends of these two ladies divided themselves into two factions, each intriguing manfully for the hand of the young Duc. Saint Simon was busiest of all. He was on the Orleans side, and worked night and day to rouse the energy and ambition of his patrons. But the Duc was passionately fond of his daughter, and did not wish to marry her to any one, and Madame was frightened at the future. Intrigue prevailed over liking and disliking. After unheard-of efforts, and the regular organization of a cabal by Saint Simon, he and his party triumphed: and the Duc de Berri married a reckless, debauched, shameless drunkard, of immense use in pulling down the whole fabric of French royalty, by destroying public respect for its members.

Every one gamed. Not only laymen and women, but priests, abbés, and cardinals. That the courtier's lace and embroidery would cover sins, seemed but natural and fitting: but the priest's soutane, the nun's vail, the coif of the lady abbess? Here was, indeed, a contrast! The priests of that day were notoriously bad. They lived profaner lives than even the laity. They drank harder, gamed deeper, swore more lustily, and paraded their vices with greater hardihood. Who, too, such servile flatterers as they? When the soft-spoken and dangerous Abbé de Polignac—whose seductive wiles damaged the fair fame of even the beautiful and lovable De Bourgogne—lisped out in a shower, in answer to the King's "fear he would get wet," "Sire, the rain of Marly does not wet"—he expressed in one phrase the whole of that lying, servile, court-priest world. That phrase stuck to the wily abbé for life.

The learning of the court was on a par with its morality. Ignorance was no disgrace: success without birth was an infinitely worse fault. The brave Cavoye was a thorn in Saint Simon's aristocratic side; for he had made himself a place at court by his talents, impudence, and good looks alone, and had neither money nor friends—neither birth nor services to back him. An ugly but very good creature, Mademoiselle de Coetlogon, one of the Queen's waiting-women, fell in love with this brave Cavoye, who repulsed her advances, and even treated her with brutality. Every one pitied La Coetlogon; and Cavoye was ordered by the King to behave with more tenderness toward her. He joined the army, and the waiting-woman was in tears till he returned. The next year he was second in a duel, and sent to the Bastile in consequence. Coetlogon's despair knew no bounds. She threw aside her ornaments, clad herself as meanly as possible, then went to supplicate the King for his release. The King refused, and she quarreled with him so violently that "she would have used her nails had he not been too wise to expose himself to them." She then refused to perform her duties, and grew so ill that she was allowed to visit her lover at the Bastile to keep her alive. By-and-by Cavoye was released, and when the office of Grand Maréchal des Logis was vacant it was offered to him on the condition of his marrying La Coetlogon. "He sniffed a little longer," but submitted to his fate; and Coetlogon, as his wife, continued her love-making and caresses in public, while he could bring himself to nothing more responsive than acquiescent non-resistance.

There was a Madame Panache at court—"a little and very old creature, with eyes and lips so disfigured that they were painful to look upon—a species of beggar, who had obtained a footing at court from being half-witted, who was now at the supper of the King and now at the dinner of Monseigneur, or at other places, where every body amused themselves by tormenting her. The princes and princesses emptied into her pockets meats and ragouts, the sauces of which ran all down her petticoats. At these parties some gave her a pistole or a crown, and others a fillip or a smack in the face, which put her in a fury, because, with her bleared eyes not being able to see to the end of her nose, she could not tell who had struck her." This was one of the elegant pastimes of the courtly household of Louis the Fourteenth. Then there was the Princesse d'Harcourt, on whom also many pleasant tricks were played. "A tall, fat creature, mightily brisk in her movements, with a complexion like milk porridge, great, ugly, thick lips, and hair like tow, always sticking out and hanging in disorder, like all the rest of her fittings out;" dirty, slatternly, intriguing, mendacious, even in that most mendacious court; "a blonde fury, nay, a harpy;" avaricious, gluttonous, and with unheard-of effrontery and indecency. She yet was the favorite of Madame de Maintenon, and the butt of every one else. Her servants played her tricks; so did the courtiers. Once they pelted her with snow-balls in bed; of which sport hear Saint Simon, in Mr. Saint John's Translation of his Memoirs: "The filthy creature, waking up with a start, bruised and stifled in snow, with which even her ears were filled; with disheveled hair, yelling at the top of her voice, and wriggling like an eel, without knowing where to hide, formed a spectacle that diverted people more than half an hour; so that at last the nymph swam in her bed, from which the water flowed every where, slushing all the chamber. It was enough to make one die of laughter," says Saint Simon. On the morrow she sulked, and was more than ever laughed at.

Another practical joke of the same courtly character had a more tragical ending. Monsieur le Duc de Condé had a supper-party. Among the guests was Santeuil, canon of Saint Victor, a famous Latin poet, good-humored, jovial, and a general favorite. Monsieur le Duc diverted himself by making Santeuil drink immoderately of Champagne; when, to finish the joke, he emptied his snuff-box, full of Spanish snuff, into his glass to see what would happen. He drank it off; and in twenty-four hours poor Santeuil was dead, after suffering frightful torments; but no one troubled the Duc about it.

Madame Pelot, in jest, called Monsieur la Vauguyon a poltroon for refusing a certain stake at brelan. After the rest of the company had gone, La Vauguyon "bolted the door, clapped his hat on his head, drove her up against the chimney, and, holding her head between his two fists, said he knew no reason why he should not pound it into a jelly to teach her to call him poltroon again. The poor woman was horribly frightened, and made perpendicular courtesies between his fists, and all sorts of excuses." La Vauguyon was half-mad then. Eventually he became wholly so; and, after doing many wild and dangerous things, died by his own hand.

The King's brother falls ill. He has been twice or thrice before on the verge of death from his excessive gluttony. But this time the blow really falls. The King, who has been estranged from him for some months, hears the news with great composure; but at midnight orders his carriage to be ready to take him to Saint Cloud should worse news arrive. In the mean time he goes to bed, but is roused by two messengers, the one of whom reports that Monsieur has just asked for some Schaffhausen-water, the other that he is worse, and all the medicines given are powerless. At this the King sets out, the Court following as it best can, huddled into any coach that comes first to hand, and careless, for the moment, of precedence or etiquette. The King waited during the night at Saint Cloud, his brother slowly sinking; when, finding that all hope was at an end, he quitted the palace and returned to Marly, the Court scrambling after him. And then the dying man was deserted by all. Stretched on a couch in his cabinet, he was left only to the scullions and footmen, who filled the air with their cries, "the women running here and there, crying, with disheveled hair, like bacchantes." The Duchesse de la Ferté, who had married her daughter to one of Monsieur's minions, came back to look at him as he lay yet palpitating. "Pardi! here is a daughter well married!" said she, bitterly, turning on her heel. The next day all traces of sorrow were banished. Songs, games, cards, dice, gay dresses, laughter—all was just the same at Marly as before.

Monseigneur, the King's eldest son, heir to the throne, father of the Duc de Bourgogne, and slave to La Choin, takes the small-pox. The King and Madame de Maintenon go to him at his own place, Meudon, and Monsieur and Madame de Bourgogne hold their court at Versailles. Saint Simon, absent from court on business, hears of Monseigneur's illness, and hurries back—torn between the hope that he will die and the fear that, though a fat man of fifty, he may recover. Things seem to go well for Monseigneur. The small-pox declares itself, and progresses favorably. The Dames de la Halle, who are very fond of him, come in procession to congratulate him on his recovery, kiss the foot of his bed, and say they will order a Te Deum to be sung. Monseigneur thanks them, says the Te Deum would be premature, gives them money and a dinner, and sends them away. The Duchesse d'Orléans and Saint Simon bewail together their evil fate, and wonder how so gross a man can survive so sharp an illness. But Monseigneur's recovery was factitious. In a few days he becomes unconscious, sinks rapidly, and dies. As Madame de Saint Simon is undressing, and just ready to get into bed, rumors of the event reach Versailles. Saint Simon rushes off to the Duc de Berri's, but finds that every one has gathered round the heirs—the Bourgognes. It was a curious sight. The whole Court, scarcely dressed, was huddled into Madame de Bourgogne's chamber.

The two sons (De Bourgogne and De Berri) and their wives sat side by side, on a sofa in the midst of the saloon, the Court ranged around them. The Duc and Duchesse de Bourgogne were calm and gently sorrowful, not unmindful that they were advanced a step nearer to the throne by a father's death; but the Duc de Berri, the youngest and the favorite son, wept and howled like some wild animal. They were not sobs, but appalling yells, that burst from him. His wife, who had lost her protector, was as bad. The decorous sympathy of the poor Duchesse de Bourgogne was lost in such a tumult of grief. "She found extreme difficulty in keeping up appearances. When the prince her brother-in-law howled, she blew her nose. She had brought some tears along with her and kept them up with care; and these, combined with the art of the handkerchief, enabled her to redden her eyes and make them swell and smudge her face." In the midst of all this, in wandered Madame, Monsieur's widow—"in full-dress she knew not why, howling she knew not why, and furnishing the odd spectacle of a princess putting on her robes of ceremony in the dead of night to come and cry among a crowd of women with but little on except their night-dresses; almost as masqueraders." In the gallery, a few ladies—notably the Duchesses d'Orléans and Saint Simon—sat near a tent-bed, talking confidentially, and confessing their joy at the event. These tent-beds were placed in the gallery every night for the Swiss Guards. In the midst of the conversation, one of the ladies touched the bed, when a sturdy arm reared itself up, undrew the curtains, and showed them a brawny Swiss under the sheets half awake and wholly bewildered. When he made out his position, and understood that these undraped women were princesses or peeresses, he dived back beneath the sheets and the curtains; and the ladies had much trouble not to laugh too loudly for a Court supposed to be in deep affliction.

At last the Duc de Berri was obliged to be carried off howling to bed; where he lay all night in a state of hysterical delirium. Monsieur and Madame de Bourgogne invited a number of ladies to pass the night in their bedroom. They slept, with unclosed curtains, a calm and unbroken sleep, and the next morning rose early, "their tears quietly dried up."

Monseigneur had been very popular with the Parisians, and his death was much lamented; but, if Saint Simon's portrait is a faithful one, he was no great loss to the country. Idle, credulous, and prejudiced, "absorbed in his fat and his ignorance," avaricious even to penury, obstinate and stupid, "without any desire to do ill, he would have made a pernicious king." So that, though his death wrought some grief and a little state perplexity, France, under the regency of the Duc d'Orléans, was in better keeping than she would have been if she had ever passed into the hands of La Choin's fat friend.

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Departure of the Emperor—War Feeling of the People—Panic among the English—British Fathers flying from Paris—Napoleon doing the Conjugal—The Prince Imperial has his Photograph taken—No more Balls or Fêtes—The Opera—The Races—End of the London Season—Adventure of our late Correspondent—Prospects of Correspondence, etc., etc.

Paris, *May* 19, 1859.

It is difficult at this moment at Paris to think, much less to write, of any thing but the incidents connected with this momentous war—this "grosse affaire," as it is termed here—and the events of which are fast becoming matters of history. The Emperor left on Tuesday evening, and I drove with some friends on the line of road to see his departure, and for the *first* time I heard Louis Napoleon heartily and sincerely cheered, and the unwonted sounds must have been music to his ears, and persuaded him that in this war he had at last found true popularity.

How well he knew the nation he governs when he said, "It would be so," though they were at first so averse to it. The French are so essentially warlike in their instincts, the sound of the trumpet stirs all their passions, and awakens the animal within them with its lust for carnage and for conquest. They do not care *whom* they are led to fight against; many think it is the Sardinians who are to be their enemies, and "*C'est égal*," they say when it is explained to them that it is the Austrians. My only prayer is, that England may be enabled to maintain her neutrality; but I confess my fears are stronger than my hopes upon this subject.

A lady whom I saw last evening, just arrived from Rome, gave an amusing account of the panic which seized the English there when it became known that the Queen had ordered by telegram the immediate departure of the Prince of Wales, and "that he should not come by *France*," which, coupled with the alarming articles in the *Times* newspaper suggestive of the immediate prospect of a war between France and England, occasioned a general "*sauve qui peut.*" There were four hundred passengers on the steamer this lady came by from Civita Vecchia, and accommodation only for fifty, which was in itself a risk and an alarm.

It is impossible that the Empress should not be sad and anxious at the Emperor's departure, and it is to be hoped that the Parisians, to whose care he has confided her and his son, will fulfill the trust, and that we shall not have a republican revolution to alarm us. I heard on Tuesday in the crowd a woman explaining to an agitated-looking Englishman, who had been asking some questions of her about the Emperor's departure, which they were both looking at—

"Do not be alarmed, Monsieur. We have the '*Gardes Nationaux*' to take care of us, and my husband and brother are both among them."

But I must say her questioner, who did not seem to be very much *au fait* either of the language in which she spoke or of the events of the day, was not in the least comforted by her announcement, and said "he should take his family home at once, though they had come to spend a month."

"Tant pis, Monsieur," said the good woman, with the usual shrug of the shoulders.

The Emperor knows so well how to work upon the feelings of the French. The last three weeks he has always driven out *with* the Empress, "doing the conjugal" like the most affectionate couple. All this *tells*; and they say he is so sorry to leave his wife and child, but for the honor and glory of France he makes the sacrifice.

So a day or two ago, when it was known that the little Prince Imperial had gone to have his photograph taken for "his papa to carry with him to the wars," there was an enormous crowd assembled on the Boulevard, and they cheered so lustily when he came out that the poor child was quite frightened. He is a very grave child, it seems, and it is recommended that he should see more of other children, and learn to play with them. For this purpose the Princess Mathilde gave a *matinée* for him not long ago, and invited a number of children of his age, and they all found him "*très gentil*, but so serious." He was very simply dressed in a white jean frock and a Leghorn straw hat bound with black velvet. But this absence of finery becomes his style; for he is really a very sweet-looking boy—not rosy but fair, with lovely blue eyes.

The war has done away with all the intentions of balls and *fêtes* which we were promised for "after Easter." The theatres are the only resource for the lovers of amusement. I have been twice to hear la Ristori, and think her, if possible, improved even since last year. She is certainly very charming, without, perhaps, all the genius of Rachel, but with more of sentiment and real feeling. The Italian opera is still going on unusually late this year. I went one night last week to hear Donizetti's opera of "Polieucte," which is being given for the first time in Paris. There are beautiful things in it, and Tamberlik and Madame Penco do them full justice, and sing the principal parts in an admirable manner. It was preceded by the famous duo in "Otello," in which Tamberlik and Corsi were greatly applauded, and which was magnificently given by these artists. Indeed, I never witnessed in Paris, where the audience is generally cold and critical, so much enthusiasm as on this occasion. Every duo was encored, and bouquets thrown, and even the ladies *stood* up in the excitement of the scene and applauded. The Empress was in her box, looking, as ever, very lovely, simply dressed in white, with blue flowers and blue ribbons. I believe that one cause of the unusual warmth of emotion displayed by the audience was that there were many Italians present, and they are always more demonstrative than the French. It was certainly a very enjoyable evening, as there is nothing so pleasant to witness as an ardent admiration for art—it carries one so along with it.

This, with the races at the Bois de Boulogne, are all the amusements we have been allowed in these troubled times. I have only been to those on the Thursdays, though Sunday is the favorite for this, as for every public amusement in this country; but I have never before seen the scene so gay and amusing, or the stands so crowded with well-dressed and fashionable company. But these are over now, and I feel that the season at Paris has quite come to an end, and this is my last letter from here.

I am going to London, from whence my next letter will be written. The town there has been cheated of a month of its gayety by the unlooked-for dissolution of Parliament disturbing all the fashionable arrangements. "Mammas and daughters" who had coaxed "papas" into taking houses for the season, that they might have a chance of displaying their charms, were particularly discomfited at this enforced departure of "all the best men." But the scattered threads may now be taken up again; and it is said the season will be unusually full and brilliant, as persons will not wish to go upon the Continent in the present uncertain state of political relations.

I must tell you an amusing anecdote of your *late* correspondent, which he relates to me himself in a letter received this morning. It appears that the Sardinians are extremely jealous of any attempt by strangers to acquaint themselves with their military position and tactics, and have given orders to arrest any one who may be supposed to have the intention of giving information in regard to their movements. It seems that the day after his arrival at Turin he was riding out, in company with another amateur, toward the Sardinian camp. They had proceeded some *ten miles*, when they were stopped by a *vedette*, and made to leave their horses, and marched *ten miles* on foot, on an intensely hot day, to the nearest head-quarters. There they were speedily released; but they were obliged to walk the *ten miles* back again before they could recover their horses, which was a great deal for a Parisian stroller of boulevards. So much for curiosity.

And so from Paris I bid you adieu, courteous reader, until, perhaps, another autumn shall have collected again with the scattered *beau monde* of the summer some materials with which to amuse the readers of the *Weekly*.

But I would wish, if I kept my present privilege until that time, not only to amuse, but I should be ambitious to warn, instruct, and guide with the experience of maturer years some of those young women whom it seems the tendency of this age to force forward in the headlong pursuit of pleasure, and to the neglect of all those quiet graces and simple virtues which, unless they are possessed and advocated by our sex, lose their influence and their power over our husband and brothers. "What a dull, preaching correspondent we shall have!" I hear you exclaim; but it shall not be without permission, dear readers, and perhaps in the end you will find more pleasure in such themes. And so, from Paris, adieu!

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

THE COST OF MEAT.

There is no subject of much greater importance to the farmer *now* than the price of meat; and the consumer, too, is deeply interested. It seems that there is a disproportion between the increase of animals and population; and in obedience to the invariable law of supply and demand, when the former is small and the latter large, the price is sure to increase in the same ratio for any commodity which has a market value. This seems to be true in relation to the present prices of animal food; for there is no reason to suppose that they are caused by any sudden fluctuations of trade, an unusual short supply for any one or more seasons, short crops, increase of foreign demand (although this has had some influence), but to the difference between the increase of animals and that of population. The population has been increasing thirty-five per cent. in a given time, and cattle at the rate of twenty per cent. only. We can, therefore, see no other important cause of the present high price of meat than the disproportion between the number of animals and the population. This is not a thing of to-day or yesterday, for the change has been gradual and regular for a long time. If the demand is greater than the supply, the matter is taken out of the hands of speculators, and becomes subject to a higher law. The number and increase of cattle in the United States between the years 1840 and 1850 were as follows:

	1840.	1850.
Horses and mules	4,335,669	4,896,050
Neat cattle	14,971,586	18,378,907
Swine..........................	26,201,293	30,854,213
Sheep..........................	19,111,374	21,723,290

The increase of cattle, as shown by the above figures, has been about twenty per cent., but that of the population has been thirty-five per cent. This is true *of the whole country*. In the old States the population has been increasing, but the number of animals has been decreasing. The table given below applies to New England, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia:

Domestic Animals in the old States.

	1840.	1850.	Decrease.
Horses and mules.	1,612,883	1,529,189	83,694
Neat cattle	6,172,569	6,033,841	138,728
Swine	6,897,396	4,909,334	1,988,062
Sheep.............	11,872,622	5,450,678	6,421,950

We naturally look to the new States for a supply. Let us see what the facts are. The table given below refers to Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee:

Domestic Animals in the new States.

	1840.	1850.	Increase.
Horses and mules.	1,804,092	2,116,160	312,068
Neat cattle	4,307,952	5,280,433	972,481
Swine.............	11,726,209	13,843,041	2,116,832
Sheep.............	5,197,906	8,435,658	3,237,752

The above table shows the increase between the years 1840 and 1850. But we are desirous of asking attention more especially to the *first* table, which relates to the *whole* United States, and is the basis of our views in relation to supply and demand. It may at first seem a curious fact that, in our new country and on its fertile soil, the meat-producing animals should not keep pace with the population. Our exports of *breadstuffs and animal products* during the period between 1842 and 1846 inclusive, amounted to more than a million of dollars, and from 1852 to 1856 to more than two million dollars; nor is there any reason to suppose that the demand will be less than it has been. When, therefore, we take into account increasing exports and the increase of population beyond that of the meat-producing animals, we can see no reason why animal food shall not have a high money value. This is a subject well worthy the serious consideration of Western meat-growers.

A well-known writer says: "The most urgent problem which the present day has to solve is the discovery of the means of producing more bread and meat on a given surface." These words not only apply to the United States, but have a world-wide significance.

Should our readers have any just fault to find with the views given above, we shall be glad to have facts and figures from them in elucidation of this subject.

CROP NEWS.

Mr. John Payne, Haldimand County, Canada West, writes:

"Fall wheat sown in good season, in well prepared soil, is looking tolerably well. Late crops in old land are looking bad. There was very little snow to protect wheat during winter. I have often known it to grow and flourish when covered with snow, but it appeared rather to lose than gain last winter. Spring opened rather early with heavy rains and occasional frosts, which appear to have done much injury to late wheat and clover—the latter not having much leaves to serve as a mulch, together with the roots not having had time to be established in the fall. I can say little of spring wheat more than that there is, I think, a greater breadth of land sown with it in this county than usual. Very few began to sow sooner than the middle of April. I had some sown then, but was stopped for some time by very heavy rains. Last year my return of wheat was good, and in most places the crop of spring wheat exceeded that of fall wheat."

The Chicago *Tribune* of May 20 says:

"We present this morning a large number of letters from different portions of the West, giving a most cheering account of the prospects of the growing crop. A glance at the map will show those who are not familiar with the geography of the West that they refer to a wide extent of country, all lying north of the latitude of St. Louis. Our advices from Southern Illinois are equally encouraging. In a week or two the harvest will have fully commenced there, and we hope soon to announce that the crop is safely gathered. One of the editors of the *Press and Tribune* visited Madison, Wisconsin, last week, and all along the line of the St. Paul and Fond du Lac and the Milwaukie and Mississippi roads the wheat looked finely. Most of it was spring, of which a very wide breadth has been sown in this section. Preparations for corn also appeared to be very extensive. Accounts generally from Wisconsin agree that the prospects were never better for an abundant crop."

ADIEU!—A DEW-DROP FROM MEMORY.

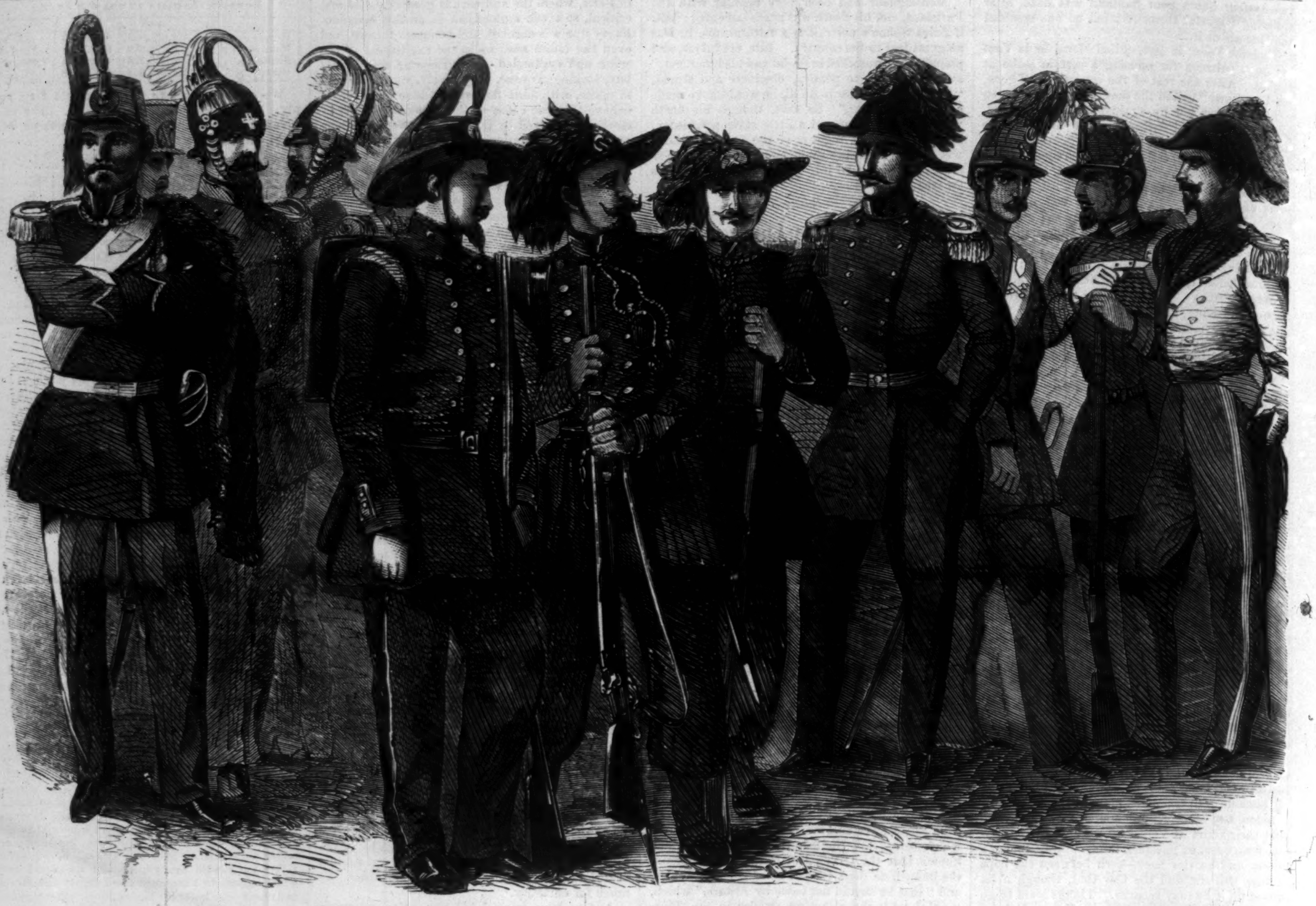
BY C. H. WEBB.

The maiden moon was peeping
  From out the latticed west;
A weary world was sleeping,
  And even life had rest:
For souls are Twilight's minions,
  And, yielding to her sway,
We fold our passion-pinions
  Like doves at close of day.

But yet one light was gleaming,
  The lilac-tops above,
From Lilly's casement beaming
  The guiding star of Love.
One birdie there was keeping
  A tryst to meet its mate;
So when the flowers were sleeping
  I flew to Lilly's gate.

And soon a maiden's blushes
  Were burning on my breast;
Two hands like nestling thrushes
  Within my own were press'd.
But what our lips were summing
  Not even Zephyr knows;
He thought he heard the humming
  Of wild bees in a rose.

Ah! dial hands were creeping
  While blissful moments flew,
And Morning's eyes came peeping
  The lattice-leaflets through:
Sweet misty tears were steeping
  The lids of morn anew,
Astarte yet was weeping,
  And Lilly said, A—dew!



SARDINIAN TROOPS IN FULL UNIFORM.

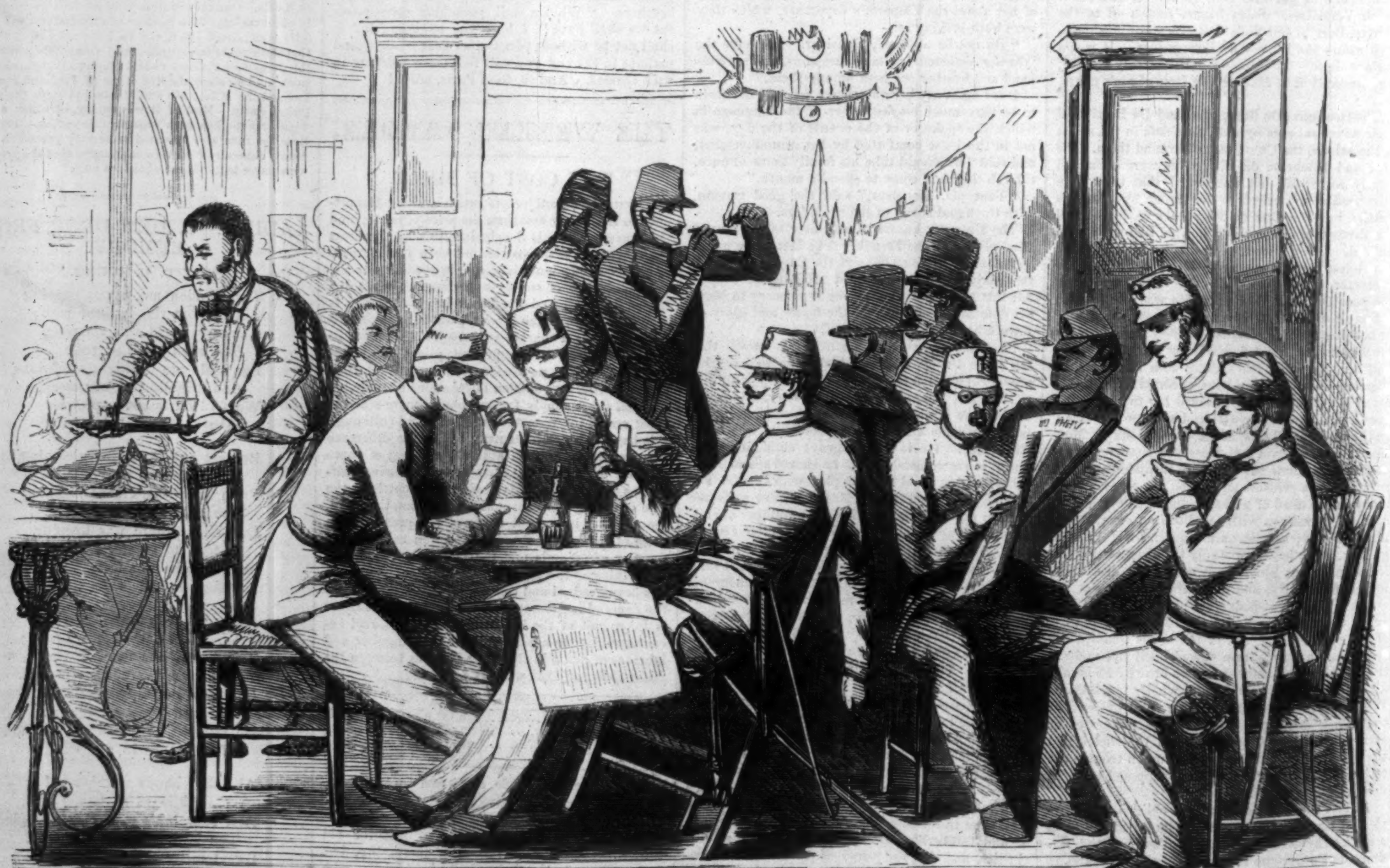
THE SARDINIAN ARMY.

ON pages 361, 362 will be found an account of the Austrian army, which should be read in connection with the engraving given below. Of the Sardinian army, of which we give a picture above, a very few words of description must suffice.

It consists, in time of peace, of 70,000 men, and in war time can be raised to 120,000. The most famous corps are the *Bersaglieri*, or skirmishers, whose broad-brimmed hat, crowned with dark-green plumes, is depicted in our engraving. They are an admirable corps, and won much fame in the Crimea.

The best idea of the spirit animating the Sardinian troops during the Crimean War will be formed from the following passage, extracted from a powerful article that appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a short time back.

"Each day the army renewed its combats, frequently under the most unfavorable conditions, beneath a burning sky, having to endure hunger in the most fertile provinces of Europe, in fertile Lombardy. The Sardinian soldiers frequently had to go under fire, not having eaten for thirty hours. At the outset of the war Piedmont undertook to pay its army, while the Milanese Government engaged to provide food. Unfortunately, provisions were not always to hand. 'For three months,' an officer said of his men, 'they have never taken off their clothing, and have always slept on the ground, with the sky for their roof.' Most singular was the character of that Piedmontese army, fighting for a cause which every passion was striving to ruin. It possessed all the masculine qualities of military spirit, but not an atom of boasting. This army was not imbued by any revolutionary sentiments, but had brought with it into the camp the simple and even religious manners of the Piedmontese valleys. A poor private was killed, and what was found upon him? A book of prayers, on the first page of which these words were written: 'O God, watch over my parents and protect the army!' An officer narrates how, being one night on guard at La Madonna del Monte, he entered a church which was filled with soldiers grouped round an image of the Virgin. 'These brave fellows,' writes M. Ferrero, "who fronted the enemy with such courage on the battle-field, were singing a litany to the Virgin. Two enormous bouquets, culled in the fields, and some lighted tapers, adorned the altar. When the prayers were ended, a soldier, whose bravery I had often noticed, said to me, "Mon lieutenant, I have been praying for my family. I have four children and a blind mother."



AUSTRIAN OFFICERS AT A CAFÉ IN MILAN.—[FROM A SKETCH BY M. MORGAN.]

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

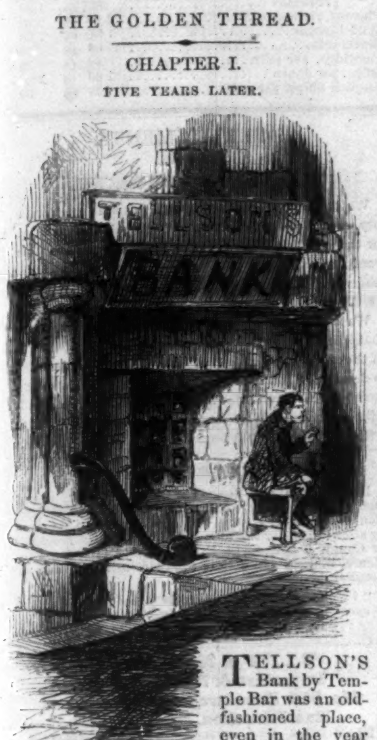
☞ Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER I.

FIVE YEARS LATER.



TELLSON'S Bank by Temple Bar was an old-fashioned place, even in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty. It was very small, very dark, very ugly, very incommodious. It was an old-fashioned place, moreover, in the moral attribute that the partners in the House were proud of its smallness, proud of its darkness, proud of its ugliness, proud of its incommodiousness. They were even boastful of its eminence in those particulars, and were fired by an express conviction that, if it were less objectionable, it would be less respectable. This was no passive belief, but an active weapon which they flashed at more convenient places of business. Tellson's (they said) wanted no elbow-room, Tellson's wanted no light, Tellson's wanted no embellishment. Noakes and Co.'s might, or Snooks Brothers' might; but Tellson's, thank Heaven!—

Any one of these partners would have disinherited his son on the question of rebuilding Tellson's. In this respect, the House was much on a par with the Country; which did very often disinherit its sons for suggesting improvements in laws and customs that had long been highly objectionable, but were only the more respectable.

Thus it had come to pass that Tellson's was the triumphant perfection of inconvenience. After bursting open a door of idiotic obstinacy with a weak rattle in its throat, you fell into Tellson's down two steps, and came to your senses in a miserable little shop, with two little counters, where the oldest of men made your check shake as if the wind rustled it, while they examined the signature by the dingiest of windows, which were always under a shower-bath of mud from Fleet Street, and which were made the dingier by their own bars proper, and the heavy shadow of Temple Bar. If your business necessitated your seeing "the House," you were put into a species of Condemned Hold at the back, where you meditated on a misspent life, until the House came with its hands in its pockets, and you could hardly blink at it in the dismal twilight. Your money came out of, or went into, wormy old wooden drawers, particles of which flew up your nose and down your throat when they were opened and shut. Your bank-notes had a musty odor, as if they were fast decomposing into rags again. Your plate was stowed away among the neighboring cesspools, and evil communications corrupted its good polish in a day or two. Your deeds got into extemporized strong rooms made of kitchens and sculleries, and fretted all the fat out of their parchments into the banking-house air. Your lighter boxes of family papers went up stairs into a Barmecide room, that always had a great dining-table in it and never had a dinner, and where, even in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty, the first letters written to you by your old love, or by your little children, were but newly released from the horror of being ogled through the windows, by the heads exposed on Temple Bar with an insensate brutality and ferocity worthy of Abyssinia or Ashantee.

But, indeed, at that time, putting to Death was a recipe much in vogue with all trades and professions, and not least of all with Tellson's. Death is Nature's remedy for all things, and why not Legislation's? Accordingly, the forger was put to death; the utterer of a bad note was put to Death; the unlawful opener of a letter was put to Death; the purloiner of forty shillings and sixpence was put to Death; the holder of a horse at Tellson's door who made off with it, was put to Death; the coiner of a bad shilling was put to Death; the sounders of three-fourths of the notes in the whole gamut of Crime, were put to Death. Not that it did the least good in the way of prevention—it might almost have been worth remarking that the fact was exactly the reverse—but, it cleared off (as to this world) the trouble of each particular case, and left nothing else connected with it to be looked after. Thus, Tellson's, in its day, like greater places of business, its contemporaries, had taken so many lives, that, if the heads laid low before it had been ranged on Temple Bar instead of being privately disposed of, they would probably have excluded what little light the ground-floor had, in a rather significant manner.

Cramped in all kinds of dim cupboards and hutches at Tellson's, the oldest of men carried on the business gravely. When they took a young man into Tellson's London house, they hid him somewhere till he was old. They kept him in a dark place, like a cheese, until he had the full Tellson flavor and blue-mould upon him. Then only was he permitted to be seen, spectacularly poring over large books, and casting his breeches and gaiters into the general weight of the establishment.

Outside Tellson's—never by any means in it, unless called in—was an odd-job-man, an occasional porter and messenger, who served as the live sign of the house. He was never absent during business hours, unless upon an errand, and then he was represented by his son, a grisly urchin of twelve, who was his express image. People understood that Tellson's, in a stately way, tolerated the odd-job-man. The house had always tolerated some person in that capacity, and time and tide had drifted this person to the post. His surname was Cruncher, and on the youthful occasion of his renouncing by proxy the works of darkness, in the easterly parish church of Houndsditch, he had received the added appellation of Jerry.

The scene was Mr. Cruncher's private lodging in Hanging-sword-alley, Whitefriars; the time, half past seven of the clock on a windy March morning, Anno Domini seventeen hundred and eighty. (Mr. Cruncher himself always spoke of the year of our Lord as Anna Dominoes: apparently under the impression that the Christian era dated from the invention of a popular game, by a lady who had bestowed her name upon it.)

Mr. Cruncher's apartments were not in a savory neighborhood, and were but two in number, even if a closet with a single pane of glass in it might be counted as one. But they were very decently kept. Early as it was, on the windy March morning, the room in which he lay abed was already scrubbed throughout; and between the cups and saucers arranged for breakfast, and the lumbering deal table, a very clean white cloth was spread.

Mr. Cruncher reposed under a patchwork counterpane, like a Harlequin at home. At first, he slept heavily, but, by degrees, began to roll and surge in bed, until he rose above the surface, with his spiky hair looking as if it must tear the sheets to ribbons. At which juncture, he exclaimed, in a voice of dire exasperation:

"Bust me, if she ain't at it agin!"

A woman of orderly and industrious appearance rose from her knees in a corner, with sufficient haste and trepidation to show that she was the person referred to.

"What!" said Mr. Cruncher, looking out of bed for a boot. "You're at it agin, are you?"

After hailing the morn with this second salutation, he threw a boot at the woman as a third. It was a very muddy boot, and may introduce the odd circumstance connected with Mr. Cruncher's domestic economy, that, whereas he often came home after banking hours with clean boots, he often got up next morning to find the same boots covered with clay.

"What," said Mr. Cruncher, varying his apostrophe after missing his mark—"what are you up to, Aggerawayter?"

"I was only saying my prayers."

"Saying your prayers. You're a nice woman! What do you mean by flopping yourself down and praying agin me?"

"I was not praying against you; I was praying for you."

"You weren't. And if you were, I won't be took the liberty with. Here! your mother's a nice woman, young Jerry, going a praying agin your father's prosperity. You've got a dutiful mother, you have, my son. You've got a religious mother, you have, my boy: going and flopping herself down, and praying that the bread-and-butter may be snatched out of the mouth of her only child!"

Master Cruncher (who was in his shirt) took this very ill, and, turning to his mother, strongly deprecated any praying away of his personal board.

"And what do you suppose, you conceited female," said Mr. Cruncher, with unconscious inconsistency, "that the worth of *your* prayers may be? Name the price that you put *your* prayers at!"

"They only come from the heart, Jerry. They are worth no more than that."

"Worth no more than that," repeated Mr. Cruncher. "They ain't worth much, then. Whether or no, I won't be prayed agin, I tell you. I can't afford it. I'm not a going to be made unlucky by *your* sneaking. If you must go flopping yourself down, flop in favor of your husband and child, and not in opposition to 'em. If I had had any but a unnat'ral wife, and this poor boy had had any but a unnat'ral mother, I might have made some money last week, instead of being counterprayed and countermined and religiously circumwented into the worst of luck. Bu-u-ust me!" said Mr. Cruncher, who all this time had been putting on his clothes, "if I ain't, what with piety and one blowed thing and another, been choused this last week into as bad luck as ever a poor devil of a honest tradesman met with! Young Jerry, dress yourself, my boy, and while I clean my boots keep a eye upon your mother now and then, and if you see any signs of more flopping, give me a call. For, I tell you," here he addressed his wife once more, "I won't be gone agin, in this manner. I am as rickety as a hackney-coach, I'm as sleepy as laudanum, my lines is strained to that degree that I shouldn't know, if it wasn't for the pain in 'em, which was me and which somebody else, yet I'm none the better for it in pocket; and it's my suspicion that you've been at it from morning to night to prevent me from being the better for it in pocket, and I won't put up with it, Aggerawayter, and what do you say now!"

Growling, in addition, such phrases as, "Ah! yes! You're religious, too. You wouldn't put yourself in opposition to the interests of your husband and child, would you? Not you!" and throwing off other sarcastic sparks from the whirling grindstone of his indignation, Mr. Cruncher betook himself to his boot-cleaning and his general preparations for business. In the mean time, his son, whose head was garnished with tenderer spikes, and whose young eyes stood close by one another, as his father's did, kept the required watch upon his mother. He greatly disturbed that poor woman at intervals, by darting out of his sleeping closet, where he made his toilet, with a suppressed cry of "You are going to flop, mother.—Halloa, father!" and, after raising this fictitious alarm, darting in again with an undutiful grin.

Mr. Cruncher's temper was not at all improved when he came to his breakfast. He resented Mrs. Cruncher's saying Grace with particular animosity.

"Now, Aggerawayter! What are you up to? At it agin?"

His wife explained that she had merely "asked a blessing."

"Don't do it!" said Mr. Cruncher, looking about, as if he rather expected to see the loaf disappear under the efficacy of his wife's petitions. "I ain't a going to be blest out of house and home. I won't have my wittles blest off my table. Keep still!"

Exceedingly red-eyed and grim, as if he had been up all night at a party which had taken any thing but a convivial turn, Jerry Cruncher worried his breakfast rather than ate it, growling over it like any four-footed inmate of a menagerie. Toward nine o'clock he smoothed his ruffled aspect, and, presenting as respectable and business-like an exterior as he could overlay his natural self with, issued forth to the occupation of the day.

It could hardly be called a trade, in spite of his favorite description of himself as "a honest tradesman." His stock consisted of a wooden stool, made out of a broken-backed chair cut down, which stool Young Jerry, walking at his father's side, carried every morning to beneath the banking-house window that was nearest Temple Bar: where, with the addition of the first handful of straw that could be gleaned from any passing vehicle to keep the cold and wet from the odd-job-man's feet, it formed the encampment for the day. On this post of his Mr. Cruncher was as well known to Fleet Street and the Temple as the Bar itself—and was almost as ill-looking.

Encamped at a quarter before nine, in good time to touch his three-cornered hat to the oldest of men as they passed in to Tellson's, Jerry took up his station on this windy March morning, with Young Jerry standing by him, when not engaged in making forays through the Bar, to inflict bodily and mental injuries of an acute description on passing boys who were small enough for his amiable purpose. Father and son, extremely like each other, looking silently on at the morning traffic in Fleet Street, with their two heads as near to one another as the two eyes of each were, bore a considerable resemblance to a pair of monkeys. The resemblance was not lessened by the accidental circumstance, that the mature Jerry bit and spat out straw, while the twinkling eyes of the youthful Jerry were as restlessly watchful of him as of every thing else in Fleet Street.

The head of one of the regular in-door messengers attached to Tellson's establishment was put through the door, and the word was given, "Porter wanted!"

"Hooray, father! Here's an early job to begin with!"

Having thus given his parent God-speed, Young Jerry seated himself on the stool, entered on his reversionary interest in the straw his father had been chewing, and cogitated.

"Al-ways rusty! His fingers is al-ways rusty!" muttered Young Jerry. "Where does my father get all that iron rust from? He don't get no iron rust here!"

CHAPTER II.

A SIGHT.

"You know the Old Bailey well, no doubt?" said one of the oldest of clerks to Jerry the messenger.

"Ye-es, Sir," returned Jerry, in something of a dogged manner. "I *do* know the Bailey."

"Just so. And you know Mr. Lorry?"

"I know Mr. Lorry, Sir, much better than I know the Bailey. Much better," said Jerry, not unlike a reluctant witness at the establishment in question, "than I, as a honest tradesman, wish to know the Bailey."

"Very well. Find the door where the witnesses go in, and show the door-keeper this note for Mr. Lorry. He will then let you in."

"Into the court, Sir?"

"Into the court."

Mr. Cruncher's eyes seemed to get a little closer to one another, and to interchange the inquiry, "What do you think of this?"

"Am I to wait in the court, Sir?" he asked, as the result of that conference.

"I am going to tell you. The door-keeper will pass the note to Mr. Lorry, and do you make any gesture that will attract Mr. Lorry's attention, and show him where you stand. Then what you have to do, is, to remain there until he wants you."

"Is that all, Sir?"

"That's all. He wishes to have a messenger at hand. This is to tell him you are there."

As the ancient clerk deliberately folded and superscribed the note, Mr. Cruncher, after surveying him in silence until he came to the blotting-paper stage, remarked:

"I suppose they'll be trying Forgeries this morning?"

"Treason!"

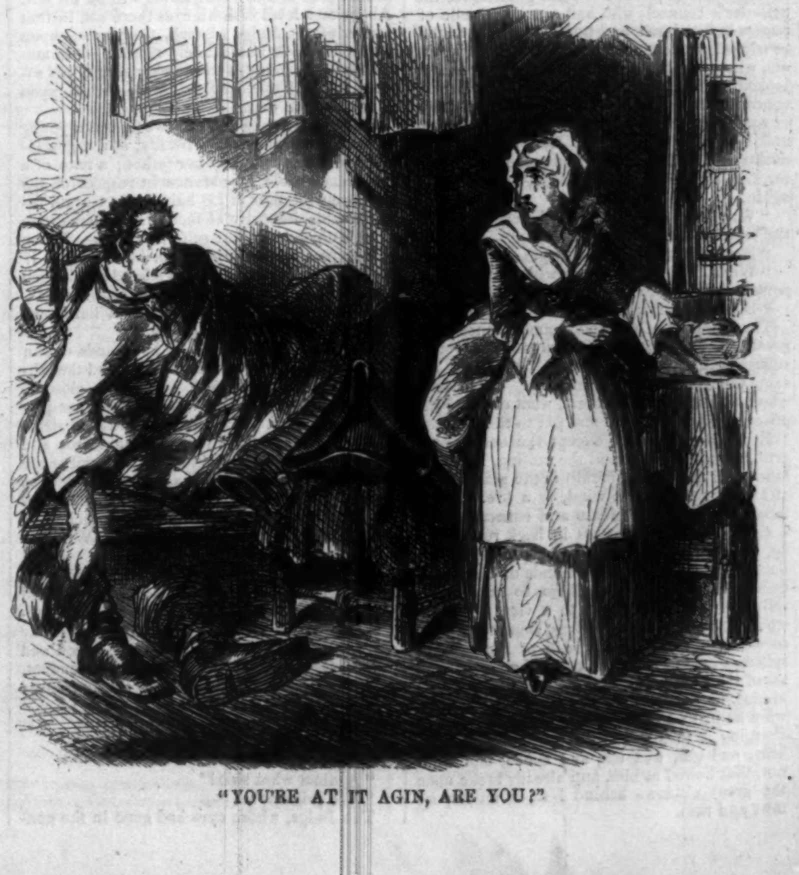
"That's quartering," said Jerry. "Barbarous!"

"It is the law," remarked the ancient clerk, turning his surprised spectacles upon him, "It is the law."

"It's hard in the law to spile a man, I think. It's hard enough to kill him, but it's wery hard to spile him, Sir."

"Not at all," returned the ancient clerk. "Speak well of the law. Take care of your chest and voice, my good friend, and leave the law to take care of itself. I give you that advice."

"It's the damp, Sir, what settles on my chest



"YOU'RE AT IT AGIN, ARE YOU?"

and voice," said Jerry. "I leave you to judge waht a damp way of earning a living mine is."

"Well, well," said the old clerk; "we all have our various ways of gaining a livelihood. Some of us have damp ways, and some of us have dry ways. Here is the letter. Go along."

Jerry took the letter, and, remarking to himself with less internal deference than he made an outward show of, "You are a lean old one, too," made his bow, informed his son, in passing, of his destination, and went his way.

They hanged at Tyburn, in those days, so the street outside Newgate had not obtained one infamous notoriety that has since attached to it. But the jail was a vile place, in which most kinds of debauchery and villainy were practiced, and where dire diseases were bred, that came into court with the prisoners, and sometimes rushed straight from the dock at my Lord Chief Justice himself, and pulled him off the bench. It had more than once happened that the judge in the black cap pronounced his own doom as certainly as the prisoner's, and even died before him. For the rest, the Old Bailey was famous as a kind of deadly inn-yard, from which pale travelers set out continually, in carts and coaches, on a violent passage into the other world: traversing some two miles and a half of public street and road, and shaming few good citizens, if any. So powerful is use, and so desirable to be good use in the beginning. It was famous, too, for the pillory, a wise old institution, that inflicted a punishment of which no one could foresee the extent; also, for the whipping-post, another dear old institution, very humanizing and softening to behold in action; also, for extensive transactions in blood-money, another fragment of ancestral wisdom, systematically leading to the most frightful mercenary crimes that could be committed under Heaven. Altogether, the Old Bailey, at that date, was a choice illustration of the precept, that "Whatever is is right;" an aphorism that would be as final as it is lazy, did it not include the troublesome consequence, that nothing that ever was was wrong.

Making his way through the tainted crowd, dispersed up and down this hideous scene of action, with the skill of a man accustomed to make his way quietly, the messenger found out the door he sought, and handed in his letter through a trap in it. For people then paid to see the play at the Old Bailey, just as they paid to see the play in Bedlam—only the former entertainment was much the dearer. Therefore, all the Old Bailey doors were well guarded—except, indeed, the social doors by which the criminals got there, and they were always left wide open.

After some delay and demur, the door grudgingly turned on its hinges a very little way, and allowed Mr. Jerry Cruncher to squeeze himself into court.

"What's on?" he asked, in a whisper, of the man he found himself next to.

"Nothing yet."

"What's coming on?"

"The Treason case."

"The quartering one, eh?"

"Ah!" returned the man, with a relish; "he'll be drawn on a hurdle to be half hanged, and then he'll be taken down and sliced before his own face, and then his inside will be taken out and burned while he looks on, and then his head will be chopped off, and he'll be cut into quarters. That's the sentence."

"If he's found Guilty, you mean to say?" Jerry added, by way of proviso.

"Oh! they'll find him Guilty," said the other. "Don't you be afraid of that."

Mr. Cruncher's attention was here diverted to the door-keeper, whom he saw making his way to Mr. Lorry, with the note in his hand. Mr. Lorry sat at a table, among the gentlemen in wigs: not far from a wigged gentleman, the prisoner's counsel, who had a great bundle of papers before him: and nearly opposite another wigged gentleman with his hands in his pockets, whose whole attention, when Mr. Cruncher looked at him then or afterward, seemed to be concentrated on the ceiling of the court. After some gruff coughing and rubbing of his chin and signing with his hand, Jerry attracted the notice of Mr. Lorry, who had stood up to look for him, and who quietly nodded, and sat down again.

"What's *he* got to do with the case?" asked the man he had spoken with.

"Blest if I know," said Jerry.

"What have *you* got to do with it, then, if a person may inquire?"

"Blest if I know that, either," said Jerry.

The entrance of the Judge, and a consequent great stir and settling-down in the court, stopped the dialogue. Presently the dock became the central point of interest. Two jailers, who had been standing there, went out, and the prisoner was brought in and put to the bar.

Every body present, except the one wigged gentleman who looked at the ceiling, stared at him. All the human breath in the place rolled at him like a sea, or a wind, or a fire. Eager faces strained round pillars and corners to get a sight of him; spectators in back rows stood up, not to miss a hair of him; people on the floor of the court laid their hands on the shoulders of the people before them, to help themselves, at any body's cost, to a view of him—stood a-tiptoe, got upon ledges, stood upon next to nothing, to see every inch of him. Conspicuous among these latter, like an animated bit of the spiked wall of Newgate, Jerry stood: aiming at the prisoner the beery breath of a whet he had taken as he came along, and discharging it to mingle with the waves of other beer, and gin, and tea, and coffee, and what not, that flowed at him, and already broke upon the great windows behind him in an impure mist and rain.

The object of all this staring and blaring was a young man of about five-and-twenty, well-grown and well-looking, with a sun-burned cheek and a dark eye. His condition was that of a young gentleman. He was plainly dressed in black, or very dark gray, and his hair, which was long and dark, was gathered in a ribbon at the back of his neck: more to be out of his way than for ornament. As an emotion of the mind will express itself through any covering of the body, so the paleness which his situation engendered came through the brown upon his cheek, showing the soul to be stronger than the sun. He was otherwise quite self-possessed, bowed to the Judge, and stood quiet.

The sort of interest with which this man was stared and breathed at was not a sort that elevated humanity. Had he stood in peril of a less horrible sentence—had there been a chance of any one of its savage details being spared—by just so much would he have lost in his fascination. The form that was to be doomed to be so shamefully mangled was the sight; the immortal creature that was to be so butchered and torn asunder yielded the sensation. Whatever gloss the various spectators put upon the interest, according to their several arts and powers of self-deceit, the interest was, at the root of it, Ogreish.

Silence in the court! Charles Darnay had yesterday pleaded Not Guilty to an indictment denouncing him (with infinite jingle and jangle) for that he was a false traitor to our serene, illustrious, excellent, and so forth, prince, our Lord the King, by reason of his having, on divers occasions, and by divers means and ways, assisted Lewis, the French King, in his wars against our said serene, illustrious, excellent, and so forth; that was to say, by coming and going between the dominions of our said serene, illustrious, excellent, and so forth, and those of the said French Lewis, and wickedly, falsely, traitorously, and otherwise evil-adverbiously, revealing to the said French Lewis what forces our said serene, illustrious, excellent, and so forth, had in preparation to send to Canada and North America. This much Jerry, with his head becoming more and more spiky as the law terms bristled it, made out with huge satisfaction, and so arrived circuitously at the understanding that the aforesaid, and over and over again aforesaid, Charles Darnay, stood there before him upon his trial; that the jury were swearing in; and that Mr. Attorney-General was making ready to speak.

The accused, who was (and who knew he was) being mentally hanged, beheaded, and quartered, by every body there, neither flinched from the situation, nor assumed any theatrical air in it. He was quiet and attentive: watched the opening proceedings with a grave interest; and stood with his hands resting on the slab of wood before him, so composedly, that they had not displaced a leaf of the herbs with which it was strewn. The court was all bestrewn with herbs and sprinkled with vinegar, as a precaution against jail air and jail fever.

Over the prisoner's head there was a mirror to throw the light down upon him. Crowds of the wicked and the wretched had been reflected in it, and had passed from its surface and this earth's together. Haunted in a most ghastly manner that abominable place would have been, if the glass could ever have rendered back its reflections, as the ocean is one day to give up its dead. Some passing thought of the infamy and disgrace for which it had been reserved may have struck the prisoner's mind. Be that as it may, a change in his position making him conscious of a bar of light across his face, he looked up; and when he saw the glass his face flushed, and his right hand pushed the herbs away.

It happened that the action turned his face to that side of the court which was on his left. About on a level with his eyes there sat, in that corner of the Judge's bench, two persons upon whom his look immediately rested; so immediately, and so much to the changing of his aspect, that all the eyes that were turned upon him turned to them.

The spectators saw in the two figures a young lady of little more than twenty, and a gentleman who was evidently her father; a man of a very remarkable appearance in respect of the absolute whiteness of his hair, and a certain indescribable intensity of face: not of an active kind, but pondering and self-communing. When this expression was upon him, he looked as if he were old; but when it was stirred and broken up—as it was now, in a moment, on his speaking to his daughter—he became a handsome man, not past the prime of life.

His daughter had one of her hands drawn through his arm, as she sat by him, and the other pressed upon it. She had drawn close to him, in her dread of the scene, and in her pity for the prisoner. Her forehead had been strikingly expressive of an engrossing terror and compassion that saw nothing but the peril of the accused. This had been so very noticeable, so very powerfully and naturally shown, that starers who had had no pity for him were touched by her; and the whisper went about, "Who are they?"

Jerry the messenger, who had made his own observations in his own manner, and who had been sucking the rust off his fingers in his absorption, stretched his neck to hear who they were. The crowd about him had pressed and passed the inquiry on to the nearest attendant, and from him it had been more slowly pressed and passed back; at last it got to Jerry:

"Witnesses."

"For which side?"

"Against."

"Against what side?"

"The prisoner's."

The Judge, whose eyes had gone in the general direction, recalled them, leaned back in his seat, and looked steadily at the man whose life was in his hand, as Mr. Attorney-General rose to spin the rope, grind the axe, and hammer the nails into the scaffold.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"SO BAD!"—Why is Alison's History like the prevalent fashion of crinoline?—Because, says a historical critic, it is in a *round-about style*.

A CON. FOR HEIRS-AT-LAW.—If the father is the *Head* of the family, what is the eldest son?—Why, the *Heir*, to be sure.

"What's your business, my friend?" said Mr. O'Grady, Q.C., to a rough-looking specimen of the Emerald Isle.—"Sure," returned the latter, "didn't Tim Mulroony's wife tell me yer honor was wantin' a boy?"—"And do you call yourself a boy?" asked the barrister.—"Why, do I look like a girl?" was Pat's quick rejoinder.

Under our greatest troubles often lie our greatest treasures.

He that can compose himself is wiser than he that composes books.

Bus—to kiss. Re-bus—to kiss again. Blunder-bus—two girls kissing each other. Omni-bus—to kiss all the girls in the room. Bus-ter—a general kisser. *E pluribus unum*—a thousand kisses in one.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Saturday, May* 28, 1859.

THE month of May has witnessed unusually large shipments of specie from this port, the amount sent abroad falling but little short of $12,000,000. In consequence, we have to note an advance in the rates of discount and interest. Call loans are not offered below 5 per cent, and are held by the banks at 6; prime paper, with 4 to 6 months to run, is done at 7 per cent., and second grades at 8 @ 9 @ 10. It is not expected that the shipments will continue on the present scale.

Stocks are pretty steady, without material change from prices ruling a fortnight ago. The public takes little interest in the affairs of the Stock Exchange, which is controlled by the street jobbers.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, May* 28, 1859.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been depressed for nearly all kinds of Breadstuffs during the past week. The receipts have increased while the demand has diminished. Provisions have been less active. Hog products close heavily. Beef is steady. Butter and Cheese are freely offered at rather easier prices....The transactions in Groceries, Naval Stores, Oils, Candles, Hemp, and Wool have been less extensive....Hay has been in good request at somewhat lower rates....Hops, Seeds, Fish, Metals, and Spices have been very lightly dealt in ....Tobacco has attracted more attention....The movements in Dry Goods have been quite limited. The value of the week's imports of Dry Goods has been $1,993,963 against $553,012 the same week last year. The imports since January 1 have been $46,507,219 against $19,271,888 same time last year. The movements in other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable changes....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Superfine State Flour, per barrel	$5 50	@	$6 50
Extra State Flour	6 85	@	7 15
Superfine Western	5 60	@	6 50
Low to Choice Extra Ohio	6 85	@	8 50
Extra Missouri,	7 70	@	9 75
Superfine Southern	7 35	@	7 65
Extra Southern	7 70	@	9 50
Superfine Rye Flour	4 00	@	4 20
Jersey Corn Meal	4 10	@	4 15
White Michigan Wheat, per bushel	1 65	@	1 90
White Southern Wheat	1 62½	@	1 90
Red Western Wheat	1 55	@	1 70
Milwaukee Club	1 12½	@	1 35
Chicago Spring	1 00	@	1 15
New Yellow Corn	90	@	94
Rye	97	@	98
Barley	70	@	78
Western Oats	56	@	58
State Oats	54	@	56
Jersey and Pennsylvania Oats	51	@	53
Southern Oats	47	@	52
Cotton, middlings, per pound	11½	@	11¾
New Mess Pork, per barrel	—	@	17 25
Prime Pork	15 25	@	15 50
Country Mess Beef	8 50	@	9 75
Hams, per pound	8½	@	9½
Shoulders	7	@	7½
Lard	11½	@	12½
Fair to Prime State Butter, new	17	@	20
Ohio Butter, new	16	@	19
Cheese, new	5	@	10
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 75	@	5 25
Rio Coffee, per pound	10½	@	12½
New Orleans Sugar	5½	@	7½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	—	@	45
Hyson Teas, per pound	30	@	62
Oolong Teas	35	@	65
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	27	@	27½
Hops, Crop of 1858, per pound	8	@	13
Hay, Shipping lots, per 100 pounds	65	@	70
Tallow, per pound	11	@	—
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	—	@	3 75
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	51	@	52
Tar, per barrel	2 25	@	2 62½
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 70	@	1 72½
Linseed Oil, per gallon	66	@	67
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6½	@	13
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool	40	@	60
" Pulled Wool	30	@	50

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were firmer for Beeves, the supply of which was less extensive.... Milch Cows were plenty, and lower....Of Veal Calves, 1199 arrived this week, being more than was sold, as the large stock of last week held over....Sheep and Lambs were offered more freely, and at lower rates. Stock mostly sheared....Swine were in fair supply and demand.

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Ordinary to Premium Beeves, per pound	$ 10	@	$ 13
Fair to good Milch Cows, per head	35 00	@	55 00
Veal Calves, per pound	3½	@	6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 50	@	6 00
" " per pound	4	@	6½
Live Swine	6½	@	7
Dressed "	8	@	8½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	1 75

The Country Produce Markets were more active, owing, in part, to the more favorable weather.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Strawberries, per quart box	$ 15	@	$ 40
Cherries, per pound	6	@	12
Apples, per barrel	2 50	@	5 00
Dried Apples, per pound	8	@	9
Dried Peaches, peeled	11	@	15
Dried Peaches, unpeeled	7	@	8
Potatoes, per barrel	1 25	@	2 75
Potatoes, new, Southern	3 00	@	3 75
Potatoes, sweet	4 00	@	—
Onions	3 50	@	5 00
Onions, new	5 50	@	6 00
Turnips	1 00	@	—
Parsnips	1 00	@	1 25
Beets	1 00	@	—
Carrots	1 00	@	1 25
Cabbage, new, per 100	4 00	@	8 00
Cranberries, Eastern, per barrel	11 00	@	15 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches	4 50	@	5 00
Green Beans, per bushel	2 75	@	—
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	14	@	15
Chickens, per pound	10	@	14
Chickens, Bucks Co.	14	@	16
Geese	11	@	14
Turkeys	15	@	17
Ducks	16	@	18
" black, per pair	62	@	75
" widgeon	50	@	62½
" Brant	1 25	@	1 62
" gray	50	@	62½
" redheads	87½	@	1 00
Pigeons, per dozen	2 00	@	2 25
Wild Pigeons	1 37	@	1 75
Blackbirds	38	@	50
Partridge, per pair	62	@	75
Snipe, per dozen	1 00	@	2 25
English Snipe, per pair	40	@	50

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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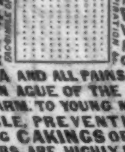
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